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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 28, 1867.

[ONE PENNY.]



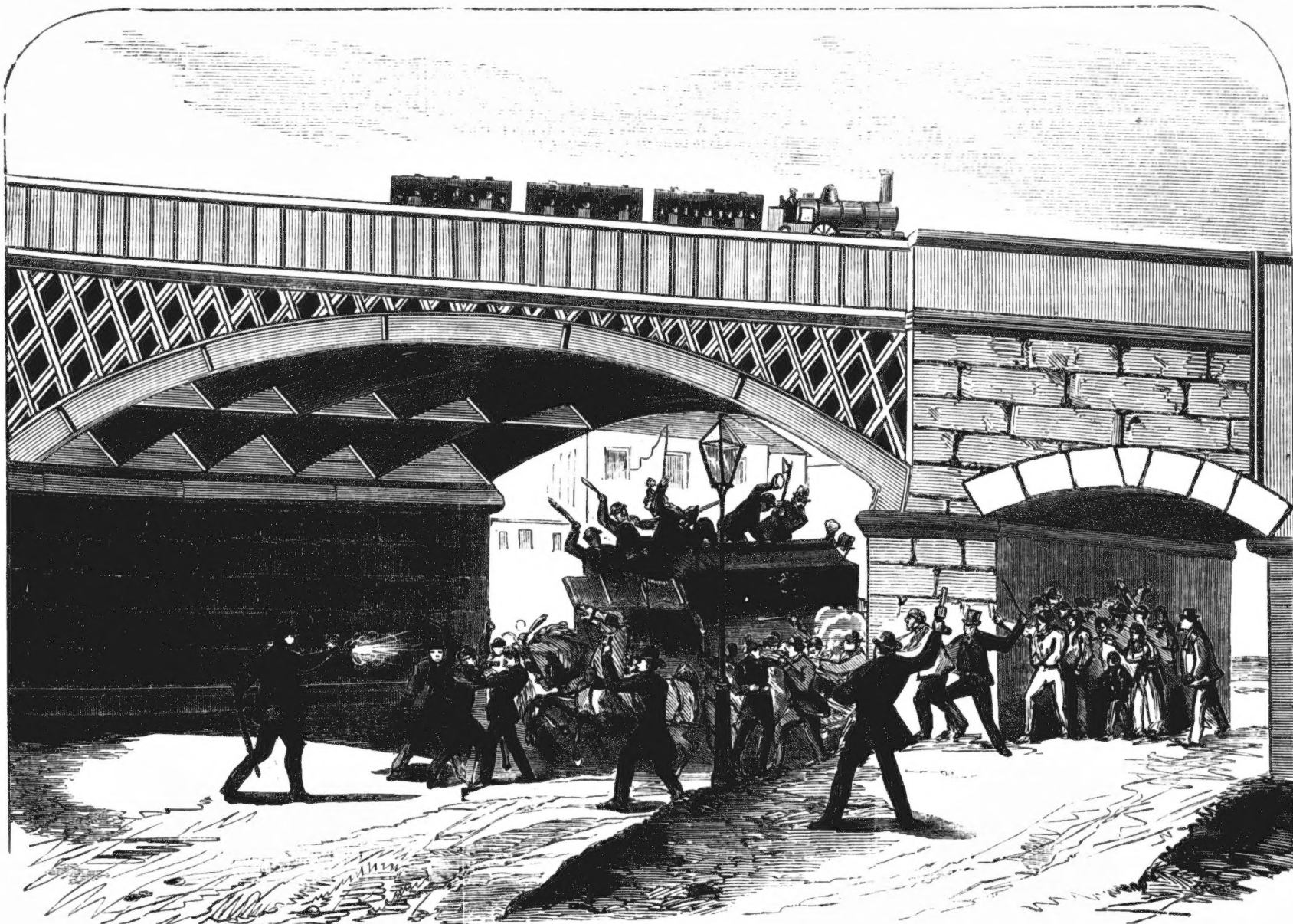
POLICE-SERGEANT BRETT.



COLONEL KELLY.



CAPTAIN DEASY.



EXTRAORDINARY FENIAN OUTRAGE AT MANCHESTER.—(See next Page.)

THE EXTRAORDINARY FENIAN OUTRAGE IN MANCHESTER.

THE announcement that two men charged with Fenianism would be brought up before the police magistrates on Wednesday week created an almost incredible amount of public excitement in Manchester. Long before the doors of the Police-court were opened the approach was besieged by crowds of the lower class of Irish, who appeared to manifest a strong sympathy for the prisoners. The interior of the court, too, was also crowded, and upon the prisoners being placed at the bar they were eyed with much curiosity and interest. They, however, seemed perfectly indifferent to the charge preferred against them. They were entered on the police-sheet by the respective names of John Whyte and Martin Williams, and were charged with being "in Oak-street, Smithfield-market, with firearms in their possession, for an unlawful purpose."

The prisoners were remanded.

At four o'clock the police van conveying Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasy, the remanded Fenians, to the city gaol, was attacked by Fenians armed with revolvers. The horses were shot, the van forced open, and Police-sergeant Brett, on guard inside, was shot dead. Two other policemen were shot, one dangerously, and others were assaulted with bricks.

Kelly and Deasy and four female prisoners escaped. Thirty suspected persons have since been taken. One of them is accused of shooting Brett.

The following notification has been issued from Scotland-yard:—

"£300 Reward.—Whereas two prisoners who were charged at Manchester with being concerned in the Fenian conspiracy were violently rescued from custody by an armed mob, and escaped:

"The above reward will be paid by Her Majesty's Government to any person or persons who will give such information as shall lead to the re-capture of the escaped prisoners.

"Information to be given at any of the Metropolitan or other police stations in the country."

The examination of the thirty prisoners charged in relation to the Hyde-road outrage was productive of the clearest and the most coherent evidence of the main facts—leaving the question of individual guilt, of course, to be settled in due process of justice—as they were detailed in the first hasty account of the desperate affair. It would be difficult to cite any instance of *emendatio* so violent and sudden which has been the subject of less exaggerated or distorted rumour; and the agreement of testimony in this case is the more remarkable inasmuch as the chief witnesses have not only spoken without time or opportunity for conference, but have given their several accounts from the recollection of circumstances, impressed upon them in very different ways. It will be as well, perhaps, to give a description of the spot chosen, with much sagacity, for the attack on the prison van. It is in the midst of a largely-populated suburb of Manchester, not more than a mile and a half from the centre of the city. The old coach road to London is now for a long distance lined with houses in scarcely unbroken succession of rows. A little beyond the open space which retains the name of Ardwick-green, the road divides, the left hand branch being the Hyde-road, leading to the gaol, while the right continues the old highway still known as London-road. Not far down the Hyde-road a railway bridge crosses the thoroughfare obliquely. The nearest corner of the bridge is on the left, that is to say, the angle which it forms with the Hyde-road is an obtuse angle on that side, and is an acute angle on the right hand. Now, the bridge being very much askew, it will readily be understood that it affords an ambush to a party lying in wait, just through it, on the left side of the road. Here a low embankment is thrown up, and in the rear is an open field. No extraordinary facilities of generalship are needed to perceive that this embankment, with its advantages of elevation and partial concealment, and the facility its position affords for flight, is about as favourable a point of attack as Fenian sympathisers could have selected. Here then, they stood quietly waiting the approach of the prison van. It was expected by many other persons who, knowing that it contained Kelly and his associate, were curious to see it pass; and it may therefore be supposed that groups had assembled near the fronts of the own dwellings and those of their neighbours. The Fenian body would thus have stood the better chance of escaping observation, they being massed together on a spot clear of houses, but they were nevertheless regarded with suspicion by the inhabitants, who are not accustomed to the sight of so many strangers in a compact crowd. There is, at the corner of a bye-way on the right hand of the Hyde-road, and on the hither side of the railway bridge, a small public-house or beer-shop; and next door to that lives a barber, who, as a shrewd looker-on, has given a very succinct narrative of the whole proceedings. But, indeed, they are so plainly set forth in the regular evidence produced in court that the story is one which "tells itself." An actor in it, deserving credit as well as compassion, is a poor girl who was being taken to prison and who, on finding herself violently and alarmingly freed, hastened onward to the gaol, with the purpose of giving a prompt alarm, and summoning assistance. She was not called as a witness at the first examination of the prisoners charged with taking part in the rescue of Kelly and Deasy, and in the killing and slaying of Sergeant Brett; nor was her statement regarding the murder of that officer brought forward at the inquest. It may be observed that she has deposed to the fact of his having been asked to deliver up the keys of the compartments in the van, and that it was on his refusal to do so that he was shot. Other witnesses have given a similar account of the shooting of Brett, or at least have stated that the shot was fired by some person after the door of the van had been forced open, and when Brett was consequently visible to those outside. However the only evidence taken by the coroner's jury being that of a constable named Shaw, tends to raise a doubt as to the deliberate killing of poor Brett. The statement of Shaw is to the effect that the man accused of this crime fired the shot through the door of the van, and that the cry "He's killed" came from the interior. This is the only discrepancy in the evidence, and it is not beyond the possibility of reconciliation. The fight, while it lasted, must have been hot. The piers of the railway arch being of dark-coloured stone, all the marks of the bullets that have struck it are white, and they are too many to be easily counted. The inquest on Brett has been adjourned for three weeks.—The funeral of the murdered man took place on Sunday, the city magistrates, police authorities, &c., joining in the procession, the line of route being crowded by the public.

The Manchester police have apprehended, since Saturday morning, nineteen additional persons on suspicion of being implicated in the outrage and murder in Hyde-road. The prisoners were paraded before a number of the witnesses at Albert-street station, and nine of them were identified. Kelly and Deasy still baffle pursuit. No credence is given to the report that they have sailed in the *Hibernia* for Quebec. There being now telegraphic communication with America, for them to take such a course would be simply to surrender themselves into the hands of the authorities, who would be ready to seize them as soon as the vessel reached its destination. It is believed both of the "head-centres" are still hiding in Manchester.—A special commission will be appointed to try the Fenian prisoners.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr. H. James, the retired physician, continues to send by post, free of charge, to all who desire it, the copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by her physician and despaired of by her father. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp.—Address, O. P. BROWN, Secretary, No. 2, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—[ADVT.]

COURT AND SOCIETY.

ON Thursday afternoon Rinaldi G. Rinaldi, the son of the Italian patriot, arrived in Edinburgh from Dundee, where he has been staying for several days. He was visited at the Edinburgh Hotel in the course of the evening by a number of gentlemen who sympathise with the Italian cause, with whom he discussed the question of the future of that country. In the evening he dined with Mr. George Harrison, the chairman of the Chamber of Commerce.

SPLENDID preparations as to costume, &c., are being made by Madame Ristori for the production of the new drama on the story of Marie Antoinette, which she is to take to America. We have not forgotten the zeal, the resolution, to be correct to every point, shown by the noble and versatile tragedienne, when, after having put forth all her powers of charm in Schiller's "Maria Sturda," she set herself to prepare her still more marvellous impersonation, that of the haughty, abrupt, astute, grand Elizabeth of England.

THE probate of the will, with eight codicils, of his Grace, the Most Noble George, Duke of Northumberland, P.C., LL.D., of Alnwick Castle, was granted by Her Majesty's Court of Probate to his eldest son and successor, Algernon George, heretofore Earl Percy, the sole executor. The trustees therein appointed are Lord Redesdale and the testator's brother, the Hon. Charles Bertie Percy. The personality in this country was sworn under £350,000.

HENRY THOMAS RYALL, historical engraver to Her Majesty, died on Saturday, September 14, at his house at Cookham. Mr. Ryall began his career as an engraver by the production of Lodge's Portraits, the work by which he is best known perhaps. Subsequently he engraved Sir William Ross's miniature portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert; also Sir George Hayter's Coronation picture, and Leslie's picture of the Princess Royal's christening. These semi-public commissions procured for him the title of Historical Engraver to Her Majesty.

THE Earl of Ellenborough has undertaken, it is said, to restore the ancient, originally Norman, northern apsidal Chapel of St. Paul in Gloucester Cathedral. It will be remembered that there were primarily three of these chapels at the east end of the church; the central one was almost entirely removed to make way for the existing Lady Chapel, a beautiful perpendicular structure (1172-1198). The remains of this original eastern building appear above ground, in the walls of the present vestibule to the Lady Chapel. In the crypt the eastern chapel is entire. The wooden effigy of Robert Courtheous remains in the Chapel of St. Paul.

ON Saturday the Queen of Holland proceeded to the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, Hatfield House, where she was received by her noble host and hostess, who gave a dinner party in the evening. Her Majesty remained the guest of the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury for a few days, when she went on a visit to the Earl of Clarendon, at The Grove, Watford. She afterwards paid a visit to the Earl of Derby, at whose seat she stayed till to-day, when she will take her departure for Southampton, and proceed in a Dutch man of war either to Havre or Cherbourg. Her Majesty will proceed to Holland about the beginning of November.

THE late Mr. H. Crabb Robinson left a diary which is understood as intended for publication. We doubt if it can contain all the large collection of anecdotes with which he used to amuse his friends. His memory was not only powerful, but consistent; he always told his story one way. He was once invited to meet Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcott) at dinner. He observed that the satirist had his own bottle of wine; and by a little management he ascertained that the wine was brandy. The Doctor, in his peculiar voice, announced that he had that morning made a couplet; on being asked for it, he gave it as follows:—

Would you, my friend, the power of death defy?
Pray keep your inside wet, your outside dry.

THE real success of Mlle. Christine Nilsson at the late Birmingham Festival was sure to react on her position in Paris, contemptuous as the French habitually are on all that passes in art beyond the *petit* of their capital. There is no end of the wonders preparing and promised for her in the coming "Hamlet" of M. Ambroise Thomas. Assuredly, no one, save Mlle. Jenny Lind (the Ophelia of Ophelias, if only the composer had been at hand), is so well fitted by nature and by nationality to present the lady

—of ladies most dejected and wretched, as this young singer. Among other rumours is one to the effect that Ophelia's death is to be literally presented, and that she is to float down the stage in a current of real water (as in the picture of Mr. Millais), with her flowers round her, singing her death-song.

AT half-past two on Saturday, Her Majesty's ship *Halcyon*, of the Channel Fleet, arrived unexpectedly at Kingstown, having left Queenstown on Thursday, at ten p.m., on two hours' notice. Immediately on her arrival the captain proceeded on shore, and having telegraphed his arrival, proceeded to Dublin by the three p.m. train, it was understood with special despatches for the authorities in Dublin Castle. Captain Bingham, commander of Her Majesty's ship *Wyvern*, turret-ship, also arrived at Holyhead by the mail train, on a telegraphic recall from leave of absence, to await his vessel ordered round there immediately. At Kingstown placards offering rewards for the apprehension of the ringleaders have been posted.

THE National Volunteer Ball held on Wednesday at the Agricultural Hall, Edlington, was one of the most brilliant festivities ever enjoyed since the inception of the volunteer movement. Royalty was represented by the Prince and Princess of Teck; the aristocracy by some of England's proudest peers and fairest daughters; the authorities by a proportion of the lords lieutenants of counties; the army by the Secretary at War and a long list of official nobilities; and the City of London by the Lord Mayor and a strong muster of civic dignitaries. Besides these, all the most distinguished of the provincial corps, from the Nottingham Robin Hoods downwards, attended in large numbers; and their metropolitan brethren added to their *à la priet du corps* an earnest desire to give the visitors a fitting reception. The defiles decorations received additional improvements, and the spectacle was one which will long be remembered in the history of the volunteers.

LORD MACDUFF was out stalking in the Mar Forest, on Saturday, the 7th of September, and killed a very fine stag, with a magnificent head of thirteen points. Weight 16st. clean. This is the finest head that has been secured for some seasons in this forest. The Earl of Life was out on Monday the 9th of September, and killed two good stags. The Hon. G. Duff has been carrying on the war with great vigour. Last week he killed no less than ten stags, and his score now exceeds forty. Strontian.—Sir T. Riddell and party, Strontian, have been beating the woods for deer and roe. One very fine stag fell to the rifle of Dr. Hue. He had a clean head of nine points, and weighed (clean) 18st; he was wonderfully fat. A number of stags were started by the beaters. Deer are numerous and in good condition on this ground. Glenmore.—Lord Stamford and party, in Glenmore, brought down no less than seventeen stags in course of last week. Balmacalan.—In Balmacalan forest on Saturday, Viscount Reidhaven brought down a fine stag while running, which weighed 16st. 2lb., a very good feat for a young sportsman just approaching his 16th birthday. Bagnagairn.—Mr. Miles and party have only got three stags in Bagnagairn forest yet, and these in very middling condition. Kinrara.—Between the 3rd and 7th inst., Lord Stamford, Lord Colville, and Rev. A. Payne have had excellent sport. They have killed ten red deer. One of the deer was a royal, weighing 17st. The weights of the others ran from 12st. to 16st.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

ON Thursday and Friday nights bonfires were lit upon the hills around Cork, and bands of music, with yelling mobs, marched along the roads with military step, rejoicing at the rescue of Kelly and Deasy at Manchester, and the escape of Osbourne from Clonmel gaol. The police did not interfere.

THE fact of the stealing Mr. Luth's (formerly Mr. Daniel's) volume of Ballads from the Helmingham Library is put almost beyond question. The name and belongings of the chemist who sold it, are known; and the public-house in which the sale took place is also known. The same thief and agent also sold several of the Helmingham books to the British Museum.

IN concluding a paper on Cotton-Spining Machinery, read before the Institution of Mechanical Engineers at Birmingham, Mr. Platt stated that the number of spindles now employed in the cotton manufacture in Great Britain exceeds 36,000,000. Their produce of yarn when in regular work is 64,000,000 miles in a day of ten hours, which gives enough to wind four times round the globe every ten minutes.

THE old Berkeley fox-hounds, whose kennels are at Chorley Wood, Rickmansworth, Herts, commencing cub-hunting last week for the first time this season with their new master, Charles A. Barnes, Esq., Chorley Wood. Croxley Hall Wood, amongst other places in the neighbourhood, where the cubs are known to abound, was brushed by the hounds, and most successful sport was obtained.

THE Fenian who escaped from Clonmel gaol by cutting the bars of his cell window at midnight and letting himself down, was a prominent apostle of the society, and as such placed under arrest at Cashel on the eve of the disturbances of March. He bore several names, O'Brien, Greer, and Captain Osbourne. It is conjectured that his descent was made by a rope cast up from without, but, as this leaves still much to be accounted for, a searching investigation will take place. He is a man of about twenty-six years of age, tall, slight, and very active.

THE inquiry into the trade outrages, which for fifteen days has been sitting at Manchester, was on Saturday brought, so far as the commissioners are at present advised, to a conclusion. The chief commissioner, however, said that they had information which made it their duty only to postpone, and not absolutely close, this branch of their labours. Although sitting at Manchester the evidence taken has embraced a considerable district of which that city may be regarded as the centre. For instance, on Saturday evidence was given of outrages at Bolton.

A FATAL railway accident occurred on Saturday evening last at the Nottingham Railway Station. Just before the Midland 6.40 train left the station two women were walking over the line at the same time that a engine and tender were coming in an opposite direction, and before they could get to the other side one of them was knocked down and literally dashed to pieces. Her foot was cut off and her entrails scattered upon the line. The woman accompanying her was saved from a similar fate by one of the railway officials, who caught her by the wrist, and rescued her from her perilous position. Both the women had been cautioned not to pass over the line. The body of the deceased was conveyed to the Wellington Hotel to await a coroner's inquest.

WE regret to say that Captain Barnardiston met with a severe accident at Sudbury, while out shooting on the 10th inst. He was staying at Ripon Hall, between Norwich and Cromer, a shooting box belonging to Sir Edward Kerrison, Bart., and was out with a party, when his man, who was carrying a second gun, a breech-loader, behind him, let the hammer fall, and the shot struck Captain Barnardiston on the side of his foot, just below the ankle, inflicting a severe wound. It is supposed the gun was half-cock, and the muzzle fortunately slipped down, as had the aim been only an inch higher it must have struck the ankle, and Captain Barnardiston would probably have been lamed for life. Nine shots still remain in the foot. He was removed home to Henny on Saturday, and under the skilful treatment of Dr. Williams, of Sudbury, we are glad to hear he is progressing.

ON Saturday the general court-martial for the trial of Private Michael Nash, 1st bat. 8th (the King's) Regiment, re-assembled at Chatham barracks, under the presidency of Colonel R. H. Crofton, Royal Artillery, for the purpose of proceeding with the trial. The prisoner is charged with having written and forwarded a letter to Colonel W. Rickman, commanding the 2nd depot battalion at Chatham, in which he complained of the treatment he had been subjected to at the hands of Staff-surgeon M'Dermott, whilst a patient in Fort Pitt Hospital, the whole of the statements contained in which Dr. M'Dermott has denied. The Court, on Saturday, was engaged for several hours in hearing the cross-examination of Lieutenant-Col. Rickman by the prisoner, the object being to show that the complaint of the prisoner was not forwarded so soon as requested to Major General Murray. At four o'clock on Saturday, the Court adjourned until Monday. It is probable that the trial will last for several days, as the prisoner has given notice of his intention to call upwards of 30 witnesses for the defence. The accused has been 20 years in the service, and is a man of sound ability.

ON Wednesday afternoon a gunshot casualty occurred at Grey-stones, which has been the occasion of much pain and distress to several well-known and respected county families. Captain St. Vincent Whitehead, high sheriff of the County Wicklow, and a party of friends, were engaged in his grounds near the Greystones Railway Station practising with ball at a large wooden target. Several hits had been made, when Mr. Richard Handcock, brother-in-law to Captain Whitehead, with an assistant, went behind the target to examine the marks and plug the bullet holes. The assistant subsequently walked from behind the target, leaving Mr. Handcock still there. Captain Whitehead, who was in front at 100 yards' distance, understanding the target to be all clear, unfortunately fired, when the bullet passed through the target, striking his brother-in-law, who, as stated, was still behind it, below the right knee, and shattered considerably the bone of the leg. The attendance of Dr. Darby, Dr. Brown, and a professional gentleman from Dublin, were secured as rapidly as possible. These gentlemen found that amputation would be necessary, the operation being successfully performed under chloroform. Mr. Handcock is about 33 years of age, and married. From the latest accounts received he appears to be in a rather low state.

THREE men, all married, and with children, have been taken into the South Staffordshire Hospital, Wolverhampton, suffering from fearful burns sustained at the blast furnaces of Messrs. Gibbons, at Millfield, about two miles from that town. The accident arose from the bursting of a tuyere or pipe, by which air is conveyed into the fire of the furnace to increase the combustion. It represents a gigantic bellows pipe, and has a double case, round which water plays to keep it cool. Not infrequently the incandescent mass within in settling down burns through its outer casing, notwithstanding that it is made of thick plate-iron. The water, when liberated from the inside casing, escapes into the furnace, where steam is generated, and an explosion results, the burning cinders and molten lava in the furnace being blown out at an opening in front, kept clear for the escape of the scoria. At this point men are usually occupied at all times, and the three men were employed there when the explosion happened on Friday night. As much as two tons of burning scoria, lava, and red hot cinders were belched out upon them with terrific force. The poor fellows now lie frightfully disfigured, and with very little hope of recovery. Their names are Thomas Arnold, tinsmith, Bilston; Joseph Cox, keeper, Blakenhall; and Edward Ellis, Gibbet-lane, Bilston. One of them is lying in the hospital opposite to a brother, whose place he took at the furnace.

METROPOLITAN.

A SCAFFOLD has just been erected around the Wellington Statue at Hyde-park Corner to enable the workmen to make the alterations which have been decided as necessary to the field-marshal's hat.

A STEAM roller is being used by the surveyor of St. George's Vestry to fix the stones laid down in the north end of the Old Kent-road. It is employed as a kind of anti-unionist resort, owing to the strike which took place some time since among the workmen employed at the south end of the Old Kent-road.

CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORN says that by telegrams received he learns that the repairs of the 1865 Atlantic cable have been effected at a distance of 88 miles off Heart's Content, in spite of severe gales, which have considerably delayed the operations of the staff under Sir Samuel Canning.

Mr. J. E. HOWARD, of the Linnean Society, states that in 1859 he received some cinchona seeds as a present from South America. He gave one of the plants raised from these seeds to the Government of India, and in six years more than 8,000 plants had been derived from it, and were growing in the cinchona nurseries.

On Saturday Robert Ingram fell from a scaffold at the New University Club-house, St. James's, and was picked up in a state of insensibility and conveyed to St. George's Hospital, where he lies in a dangerous condition from fracture of the skull.—The same day Charles Gilbert fell from a ladder at St. George's-square, Pimlico, and fractured his skull. He was taken to St. George's Hospital, where he remains in a precarious state.

BETWEEN one and two o'clock on Saturday the parish church of St. Mary's, Woolwich, was broken into. Though the principal object of the thieves was frustrated they carried off various articles of value from the church, and damaged several handsome bibles and prayer-books by using them as wedges in trying to force open the vestry door. The strength of the vestry doors preserved the sacramental plate.

A CASE of sacrilege has occurred at Spring Grove Church, Isleworth. Entrance was obtained through a porch window, and the thief purloined two linen surplices, two black scarfs, and a black hood, the property of the Rev. Mr. Brooks, who was absent from home at the time. A crimson cloth communion table cover and some minor articles have also been carried off.

On Friday an accident occurred to the omnibus which was conveying the police home from their duties at Hendon, which might have been attended with fatal consequences. Between the race-course and the Old Welsh Harp is a steep hill, in descending which the driver of the omnibus, in endeavouring to avoid a cab, drove against the embankment with such force as to capsize the vehicle. The officers were scattered in all directions, but fortunately, although several were severely shaken and bruised, no injury of a serious nature was inflicted.

THE Registrar-General has published a curious return of the number of suicides in England during the eight years from 1858 to 1865. They average 1,300 annually, and to every million of the population run thus in each successive year:—66, 64, 70, 68, 65, 66, 61 and 67. Hanging has always been the death generally adopted by suicides, 28 out of the ratio of 67 per million suicides falling under this head. After hanging follow cutting, stabbing or drowning, poisoning, and by firearms. The ratio of suicides per million of the respective populations in 1864 was 110 in France, 61 in England, 45 in Belgium, 30 in Italy, and 15 in Spain.

SPEECH-DAY at Christ's Hospital is one of those anniversaries which excite an interest far beyond the boundaries of the "kingdom of Cockaigne," as doubtless every county, and almost every town in Great England has a representative at this famous school. It is a sort of exhibition of the amount of intellectual vigour and cultivation contributed to the national storehouse, and it is no small praise in these days to say that the senior scholars went through this ordeal on Saturday with a becoming confidence, which, "not overstepping the modesty of nature," was yet enough to give assurance that in the battle of life they will quit themselves like men and do honour to the fame and credit of their country.

MR. PARTRIDGE, the stipendiary magistrate of Lambeth, has decided that magistrates have no jurisdiction over a claim by a workman against his master for wages. In such a case, a workman, he said, must go to the County Court. The 4th section of the Act (Master and Servant Act, 39 and 41 Vict. c. 141, 43 L. T. 298), says that the party feeling aggrieved may lay an information or complaint in writing before "a justice, magistrate, or sheriff." Then the question is, what the term "magistrate" signifies. We find in the definition of terms (section 2) that the word "magistrate" means in England, "except in the City of London, a stipendiary magistrate, and in the City of London means the Lord Mayor," &c. Mr. Partridge sitting at Lambeth, is not, we apprehend, in the City of London, and therefore would have jurisdiction over such a breach of contract as the non-payment of wages. Perhaps we are dull, and have missed the point. If so, we should be glad to know the reasons of Mr. Partridge and "another magistrate."

MR. OSCAR BYRNE, who has recently died at somewhat above the threescore years and ten, and who has been justly described, not as a "choreographic artist," but as a "celebrated dancer and ballet-master," was probably the last man connected with the stage whose Christian name was given him to carry on the memory of a theatrical triumph. He was born during the run of his Irish father's famous "ballet of action" at Covent Garden, "Oscar and Malvina," a piece which set one-half of London mad, and the other half reading Ossian. The late Mr. Oscar Byrne then got his baptismal name. As a ballet-master he was a thorough artist. There was mind in the combinations he planned and in the beauty resulting from them. As a dancer, the present generation did not know him; but fifty years ago Oscar Byrne and Miss Smith, at Drury Lane, in the "Bridal of Flora," and Mr. Noble and Miss Lupino, at Covent Garden, in a "ballet divertissement," for which Frederic Venua's ballet-music was often employed, were among the great attractions of the town. But the two chief swains married the two chief nymphs, and private life and private teaching succeeded to those public displays.

EIGHTEEN months ago new schools, which (including teachers' houses) cost £2,800, were opened in connection with St. John's Church, York-street, Walworth, capable of affording accommodation for 600 children. The number now in weekly attendance is 637. The boys' school is very much over-crowded, there being 235 in daily attendance, although since Christmas last 70 children have been refused admission. The poor children and parents still flock to the schools only to be refused admittance. Three hundred pounds more is required to enlarge them for 90 more children. About £135 is promised from public sources, and if our generous and sympathising Christian friends will find the balance this can be done. This district is wretchedly poor. There are 847 houses rated at less than £10 a year. Here are congregated cabmen, costermongers, showmen, and the like. Education represses crime. Here is a fertile hotbed for it. The incumbent and committee want thus to extend their great and good work (their labours are not sinecures). Their faith is earnest that the generous spirit now working amongst the Christian public will come to the rescue in this urgent and necessary case, and that, by God's blessing, their desires may be accomplished and great good conferred in this locality, where in all this vast Babylon it could not be better bestowed or expended.

PROVINCIAL.

A LITTLE boy, six years of age, has been poisoned by chewing the bark of a laburnum tree.

THE deliveries of herrings made at Great Yarmouth during the last few days have fluctuated greatly; upon the whole, however, they have been on a considerable scale. Prices have also varied materially, having ranged, according to quality, from £7 to £30 per last (13,200 fish).

THE Manchester police are now armed with Colt's revolvers. The gaol is under a guard of infantry, and the prisoners after their remand on Thursday evening were accompanied by a strong military escort. The procession was headed by an advance guard of three mounted hussars, who were followed by an omnibus full of infantry. Twenty hussars with drawn swords rode next, and after them came the Salford prison van, guarded on each side by Hussars, and followed by a troop of the same arm. The Manchester police van, containing more prisoners, came next, guarded in the same manner; and the rear was brought up by another omnibus load of infantry. The mob hooted the prisoners.

NEWS has been received from the Orme's Head Lighthouse, that a dismasted vessel, about seven miles off there, was exhibiting signals of distress. The Orme's Head life boat, of the National Lifeboat Institution, the Sisters' Memorial, was at once launched to the assistance of the vessel, and on reaching her found she was the Jane, of Carnarvon, bound from that port to Liverpool with a cargo of slates. The life-boatmen did everything that was necessary, and eventually, with the assistance of the steamer Prince Arthur, which plies between Bangor and Liverpool, and which was passing at the time, the vessel and those on board, consisting of the master, his wife, and a crew of two men, were taken safely into Beaumaris. The life-boat afterwards returned to her station in tow of the steamer.

It is reported that Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen does not intend seeking again the suffrages of the united boroughs of Sandwich, Deal, and Walmer. We should receive this report with more reserve, but for the knowledge that the Liberal member for Deal had long aspired to represent the eastern division of Kent. Those who managed the secret work of the last county election well know that the candidature of Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen was more than mooted, and his prominent connection with the Liberal association of the county is generally recognised as the stepping-stone to his appearance in the field as a candidate for the representation. Whether or not Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen's rumoured retirement from Deal may prove true, it is clear that the Conservative party there have but one course open to them, one duty to perform to the great constitutional principles which they have in charge—to bring forward a second Conservative candidate at the next election as the colleague of Mr. Capper.

THE free gallop of our bold red deer disdains the circuitous route and intuitive trickery of other animals of the chase; the monarch of the glades, warned of approaching danger, abandons at once his kith and kin, and giving up all homely feeling, trusts to fleetness alone to rid him of those attentions which his pursuers so importunately press upon him. Three hours of continuous going over a varied country inland, or a rattling pace of somewhat shorter duration over the wild waste of moorland towards the sea, though an ordinary chase, is yet frequently found full of many pleasurable incidents, and provocative of many occasions, to the hunter ambitious to live through the run and see the end, for ever and anon breathing his faltering horse.

AMONGST those who consented to act as vice-presidents of the Social Science Congress during the present meeting are many who altogether dissent from the views expressed by Lord Dufferin in his inaugural address. It has generally been understood that the members are not responsible for the opinions expressed by the president; but Sir Thomas Bateson, M.P., being dissatisfied with the tone of the address in reference to the Irish Church, has written to the Belfast papers, enclosing a letter to the secretary of the Social Science Congress, in which he resigned the position of vice-president. This subject was alluded to by Lord Dufferin in the course of a brief speech, in which he introduced Dr. Andrews, the president of the education department. His lordship declared that he was well aware that his observations regarding the respective merits of voluntary and established ecclesiastical institutions must have been distasteful to a great number of the members, but inasmuch as the association was formed for the purpose of discussion, he did not consider that he should be precluded from stating any opinions he might hold, and in doing so he had only followed the example of Lord Brougham. Sir Thomas Bateson was under a great misapprehension in considering that the association, or any single member of it, is in any way compromised by the individual opinions of the president. Mr. Hastings, the general secretary, supplemented the observations of Lord Dufferin by saying that it was the principle of the association that it should not be held responsible.

STRANGE DISCOVERY OF A SKELETON.

AN inquest has been held in Amburst-road, Hackney, at which evidence of a very singular character was given. It appears that a Mr. and Mrs. Butley, who had for some time past resided in Loddiges-road, removed from that house to one in Grove-villas, South Hackney. The stepmother of Mrs. Butley's servant had been called in to assist in the removal, and on Thursday morning last week she chanced to be looking up some things in the cellar, and found there a hamper, which she pulled from the place in which it had been lying. There was string tied round it, and Mrs. Bransome, the servant's stepmother, cut this string, and found the skeleton of a child at the bottom of the hamper. It was wrapped in white flannel, and tied round the neck, the body, and the legs. The flesh had been almost all eaten from the bones. Mrs. Bransome called Mrs. Butley down, and told her what had been found. Mrs. Butley said, "For God's sake put it away until Mr. Butley goes out." It was then between seven and eight o'clock. After Mr. Butley was gone out, Mrs. Bransome, Mrs. Butley, and the servant returned to the hamper. Mrs. Bransome suggested that the skeleton should be thrown in the dustbin, but Mrs. Butley would not consent to that, owing to its being full. Mrs. Butley then suggested that the skeleton should be buried, but Mrs. Bransome said that would never do, the smell would be so dreadful. Then it was decided, on the suggestion of Mrs. Butley, that it should be taken to the new house, which was her own, and that they should bury it in the garden there. Mrs. Bransome consented to be silent about the affair, but her stepdaughter told a woman who resided next door. It was only when the police had been informed that Mrs. Butley told her husband of the discovery. In giving evidence before the coroner, Mrs. Butley said she did not know to whom the child belonged, nor had she seen it before the hamper was found by Mrs. Bransome. She did not tell her husband because he was ill, and she thought of burying the skeleton in the garden of their new house because she was afraid of the trouble and annoyance which a talk about the affair would cause. A police surgeon deposed to having examined the skeleton. He thought it would be about six months old at death. It was not possible to say what had been the cause of death. The flesh had been eaten off the bones. A previous witness had stated that for some time a live hen was kept in the cellar, a dark place under the stairs; and the coroner, having learned from the surgeon that the hen, if badly fed, would feed upon the child's flesh, suggested that the hen had been placed in the cellar for that purpose. The coroner made some remarks upon the evidence, and upon the singular story which had been laid before the jury, and then adjourned the inquiry.

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

THE President has granted about 8,000 special pardons of Confederates.

M. KOSSUTH has addressed another letter to the Hungarians, which is hostile to the Hungarian Ministers and to the Emperor.

DR. NELSON has given in his resignation as Professor of the Faculty of Medicine on account of ill health.

A STATUE to David Teniers has recently been erected at Antwerp; thereby, still more than before, signalling the Art-energy of that ancient city.

A PETITION has been addressed to the Emperor, praying that the season of the Exhibition may be prolonged. As our readers will remember, it is supposed to close on the 31st October.

PARIS was visited on Friday by a thunder and rain storm of tropical violence. The rain came down in sheets of water, and the lightning was very frequent.

AT a Consistory held at Rome, on Friday, the Pope condemned the recent decree of the Italian Government relating to ecclesiastical property, and declared the decree to be null and void.

THE shower of communications continues to pour down on the French press. Several of the Paris prints again appear with their front pages embellished with those interesting specimens of official journalism.

THOUGH the excitement in Paris respecting Count Bismarck's circular on the Salzburg meeting has somewhat decreased, the journals are all but unanimous in denouncing it as an insult and a challenge to France.

GENERAL GRANT is certainly reducing the expenses of the War Department. Great quantities of material of war, clothing, &c., are being sold. The quartermaster's department, as a special bureau, is to be abolished. All supernumerary officers are to be dismissed.

THE latest accounts of the Abyssinian captives are to the 27th July, when they were at Magdala, a prison some sixty or seventy miles from Debra Tabor, where the camp of the Emperor Theodore was fixed. The surrounding country is said to be in a disturbed state.

A NEW planet has been recently discovered at very nearly the same time by Prof. Tietjen, of Berlin, and Mr. Peters, of Hamilton College, United States. It is stated to be about the eleventh magnitude. The discovery of this planet, to which the name of Undina has been given, is very interesting, as it makes up the number of these bodies that have been discovered to one hundred.

THE war in the Brazils does not make much progress. The Brazilians with their allies, had arrived in front of the Paraguayan fortress Humaita, which proved to be a perfect quadrilateral and of great strength. The allied generals had not, when the last accounts left, on the 11th of August, been able to decide on the operations to be adopted against it. General Mitre had re-assumed the command of the allied forces.

AN Australian writes in regard to the statement made by the Hon. Mr. Mitchell, of Trinidad, as to the live stock in our great southern colonies:—"The honourable gentleman says there are 180,000,000 cattle and 300,000,000 sheep in Australia. He may well point exultingly to such a world-supply, but it is altogether illusory. The present numbers in Australia (which includes Tasmania and New Zealand) are about 5,000,000 cattle, and a little under 40,000,000 sheep."

GREAT discontent prevails among the workmen of Paris on account of the dearth of bread. Recently placards were found on several houses in the Faubourg St. Antoine with the following threatening inscription:—"Le pain à douze sous ou le plomb." Similar placards were torn down by the police in the Faubourg du Temple. The price of bread in Paris is now twenty-one sous for two kilogrammes, which is equivalent to about 9½d. the four pound loaf.

AT the last sitting of the French Academy of Medicine Dr. Stahlberg, physician to the factories of Sörga in the Oural, read a paper on the efficacy of koomiss, or fermented mare's milk, in the treatment of pulmonary diseases. The Kirgheses prepare the best kinds of this drink. Its good effects can only be explained by its producing a diminution in the secretion of the mucous membranes of a better nourishment. Koomiss may be prepared wherever mares can find good pasturage and water. A tendency to consumption may be entirely got over by means of this beverage.

GREAT frauds in the Inland Revenue service in New York have been discovered. Several collectors, assessors, and inspectors have been arrested, others are implicated. The Government is said to be a loser of 12,000,000 dollars by the dishonesty of these officials. The particular swindle was a conspiracy to permit the sale of whiskey without the Government tax. By the assistance of these officials, who have divided the profits, it is stated that 6,000,000 gallons of untaxed whiskey have been put in the market or shipped from New York and Brooklyn.

THE ex-King of Oude, who is enjoying, after his fashion, at his residence in Garden Reach, the magnificent allowance made to him, is causing great anxiety to Colonel Herbert, the officer in charge of him, by his extravagances. The Indian Government has warned the ex-King that if his expenses are not diminished and regulated, a commission will be appointed to collect and investigate his debts, and that their amount will be deducted from his income. All the worst things recorded of the Roman emperors and nobles of the Empire would collectively afford but a faint idea of the sort of life which the ex-King of Oude is said to lead within a couple of miles of the Viceroy's palace.

AMONGST those who low willingly remain in Paris, untempted by sea and country beauties, there is a small class of men who can rightfully be called les vrais Parisiens, for their country is not France—it is the boulevard. They dine at the Maison d'Or, sometimes at the Moulin Rouge, in the midst of its flowers near the Champs Elysées; and the lake at the Bois de Boulogne is the fullest extent of their wandering. One would not be very surprised to hear them state as their conviction that outside the walls of Paris people go about with rings in their noses, and ready to demolish all straying Parisians. Lately a young count, belonging heart and soul to this class of the vrais Parisiens, was ill, and the doctor ordered him change of air. "But I have my windows open all day." "That's not it," exclaimed the doctor; "you must go to the country." The young man bounded on his chair. "The country!" cried he, "but I don't even know where it is!"

NICHOLAS AS THE BROADWAY PLÉNIPOTENTIARY.—Nicholas, sir, was not in pleasant circumstances when he received your missive. His luck upon the turf had left him; for it is all bounce where I pretend to have been winning of immense sums, such not having been the case since Gladiateur's year. Race after race had gone against your Prophet. The revolving wheel of Fortune, that fickle dame, had been turning steadily round against the Old Man until I was fairly driven back from my proud position as a Leviathan of the betting ring into being a honest tradesman, than which, I am sure, nothing more contrary to my nature, character, and antecedents. Retail trade may be all very well in its way; but it did not suit the prophetic and adventurous mind, meaning me. When I was led away by the advice of insidious relatives into opening of the Oriental Repository (Limited), Horselaysdown, it was thought that by punctuality and a strict attention to business, I might merit a continuance of those favours, than which, I am sure, none truly more so, if any. But a natural interest in my old pursuits caused Nicholas to treat the Repository with comparative indifference and positive neglect, and which the customers falling off according, quarrelsome indeed my creditors became.—Broadway, No. 11.

WHAT THE TORIES SAY.

THERE can be little doubt on any side that Mr. Disraeli is worthy the honour which it is proposed to pay him. It is due to him that a great act of rational legislation has been completed adequate to the rational wants and necessities, and yet amid circumstances that were most untoward, and that might well seem to be almost desperate. With a following which was in an assured minority in the House of Commons he has effected the settlement of a problem which had previously baffled the ingenuity and statesmanship of the most popular leaders of our day, although with a large majority at their back. As a tactician even his rivals allow that the Chancellor of the Exchequer stands unequalled, and it is desirable that his party should recognise what his antagonists cannot deny, and should offer him the tribute of their admiration for leading on his followers, amid extraordinary dangers and difficulties, to a great, if not an unexampled victory. The only device by which the envious opponents of the Conservative leader can seek to diminish his reputation is by urging the stale accusation that he betrayed his party, and his and its principles. The former branch of the accusation can be disproved in a sentence. For instead of betraying his party, as Sir Robert Peel did, Mr. Disraeli took them into his confidence at every step in his advance, and far from leading them too precipitately, they, in several instances, intimated their opinions in favour of proposals which were more comprehensive than those to which he had previously given expression. Mr. Disraeli has, as no other leader of the Tory party since Canning has done, exhibited by practical statesmanship the national character of the party. He has met the taunts of Liberals, that Toryism means distrust of the people, with such manifestations of confidence and trust in the people, as the leaders of the Opposition never have and never would have exhibited. He has taken the very instrument by which Whigs and Liberals helped to win their brightest triumphs, and has made it the means of their discomfiture. He has raised his party to a position of honour and power to which it has long been a stranger. And he has done all this because he has, with strict regard to the circumstances of the country, satisfied the national necessities by a measure of representative reform which restores the old lines of the constitution; and which, instead of the representation of classes and exclusive sections, aimed at and designed by the Liberals, will prove a comprehensive "representation" of all classes of the nation. By doing this Mr. Disraeli has vindicated anew the national character of the Tory party, and it well becomes the members of that party, therefore, to do him honour; and while expressing satisfaction with the past, also offer him encouragement for the future in the arduous tasks that may yet lie before their chosen leader.—*Imperial Review*.

The butchers of Malmesbury have reduced the price of mutton from 9d. to 8d. per lb.

BAD BLOOD—BAD BLOOD.—When the health begins to fail and symptoms of bodily decline are apparent, "THE BLOOD PURIFIER"—OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA—alone can arrest the downward progress. It gives tone to the feeble pulse, flesh to the emaciated body, and strength and fresh blood to the declining system. Testimonials on each bottle from General Wm. Gilbert, of the Indian Army; the Hon. the Dean of Lismore; ordered also by the Apothecaries' Hall, London. Sold by all Druggists. **CAUTION.**—Get the red and blue wrappers, with the old Doctor's head in Centre. None others are genuine.—[ADVT.]

AN ELEGANT COUGH REMEDY.—In our variable climate during the winter months coughs and colds appear the greatest enemies to mankind, and we are pleased to be able to draw the attention of sufferers to "Strange's Celebrated Balsam of Honey," which, as a cough remedy, stands unrivalled. Honey, in the form of a Balsamic preparation, is strongly recommended by the Faculty, our medical works, and by Dr. Pereira (late lecturer on medicine to the hospital).—See *Materia Medica*, vol. ii. page 1854. It will relieve the most irritating cough in a few minutes, and by its mildly stimulating action, gently discharges phlegm from the chest by easy expectoration, and restores the healthy action of the lungs. The amount of suffering at this time of the year is incalculable, and numbers, from the want of an effectual remedy at a low cost, have the germs of consumption laid. Sold by most chemists at 1s. 1½d. per bottle, large size 2s. 3d. Prepared by P. Strange, operative chemist, 260, East street, Walworth. Agents: Messrs. Barclay, Farringdon-street; Newberry, St. Paul's; J. Sanger, 50, Oxford-street; and Butler and Crispe, Cheapside.—[ADVT.]



LORD BROUGHAM.—(AGED NINETY-ONE.)

LORD BROUGHAM.

LORD HENRY BROUGHAM, the venerable lawyer and statesman, who has recently returned to this country, is the eldest son of the late Henry Brougham, of Scales Hall, Cumberland, and was born in St. Andrew's-square, Edinburgh, on September 19, 1779. His Lordship, therefore, entered last week on his ninety-first year, and is still in possession of all his mental faculties, though feeble in his limbs.

He received the first seeds of his education at the High School, Edinburgh, and passed in due time to the University of that city. Here he distinguished himself in mathematical and physical science, and published several papers on these and similar subjects. After travelling through Prussia and Holland, he returned to his native country and was admitted an advocate of the Scottish bar in 1800, and became one of the chief writers in the *Edinburgh Review*. In 1804, Mr. Brougham exchanged the Scottish for the English bar, and came to reside in London. He was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1808, and entered upon practice as a barrister in the King's Bench, and the Northern Circuit. He soon made for himself a name, and shortly after was returned a member for the pocket-borough of Camelford. From the first he set his mind on the reform of all abuses. His efforts on behalf of the abolition of flogging in the army, the repeal of the Catholic disabilities, &c., will never be forgotten by a grateful people.

In 1816 Mr. Brougham was returned for the since disfranchised borough of Winchester, and continued to represent that constituency until 1830. In 1820, and the following year, he was mainly engaged, professionally at Westminster Hall, as Attorney-General to Her Majesty Queen Caroline, whose cause he advocated successfully against George the Fourth, and his eloquence had the effect of securing on her behalf the sympathy of the British people. On the resignation of the Duke of Wellington, Earl Grey was appointed Premier, and the Chancellorship in the new administration was entrusted to Mr. Brougham, who was at the same time raised to the peerage, as Lord Brougham and Vaux. After the year 1834 his Lordship no longer took office, but held an independent position in the Upper House.

Lord Brougham married in 1819 the widow of John Spalding, Esq., and had issue, an only daughter, who died in 1839.

He does not affect to deny that the unification of Germany under the Prussian sceptre is the great end which he hopes to attain; and with that boldness and candour which in crises like the present he invariably evinces, he tells France and Austria, and any other Powers it may concern, that he does not recognise their right to baulk him. It is, as he regards it, a mere matter of domestic policy if both sections of Germany choose to unite, and if other States view it in a different light they must be prepared to take the consequence of wounding the just susceptibilities of Germany. If France intends to draw the sword in the event of a political union being established between the Northern Confederation and the Southern States, she is very plainly told that her challenge will be accepted, and that she will have to contend with united Germany.—*Post*.

CORONERS AND THE NAVY.—The Jamaica papers state that a seaman belonging to Her Majesty's ship *Constance* fell from the rigging of that vessel whilst in harbour and broke his neck. The coroner, of Port Royal on hearing of the casualty, summoned a jury and boarded the *Constance* in order to hold an inquest on the body. The captain would not suffer any such proceedings, and bundled the coroner and the jurymen over the ship's side. Sir Leopold McClintock, the commodore on the station, concurs with the captain of the *Constance*, and has warned the coroner never again to imagine he has any jurisdiction on board a Queen's ship; and the coroner has applied to Her Majesty's Attorney-General to ascertain what is the law of the case.

LORD VANE TEMPEST A VOLUNTEER.—The following curious memorandum has appeared in the *Gazette*:—"Her Majesty has been most graciously pleased to signify her Royal pleasure to remit so much of the effect of the sentence of summary dismissal of Lord Ernest Vane Tempest, 4th Light Dragoons, from the army, notified in the *London Gazette* of the 17th of October, 1856, as will allow him to serve Her Majesty as a volunteer in the Artillery Brigade at Seaham, under the command of Earl Vane."

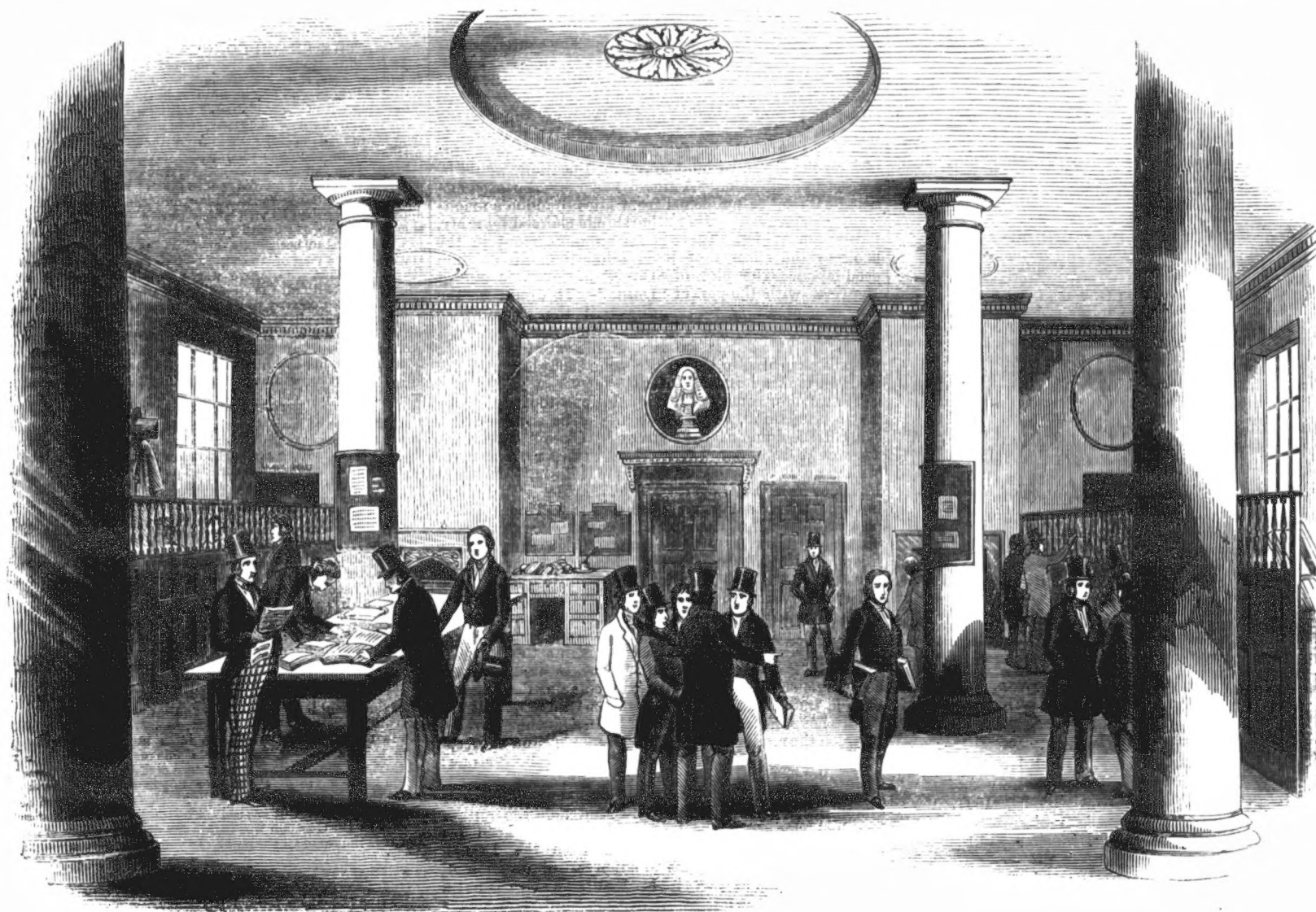
In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eight-pence per lb. cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]

THIRSTY SOULS.

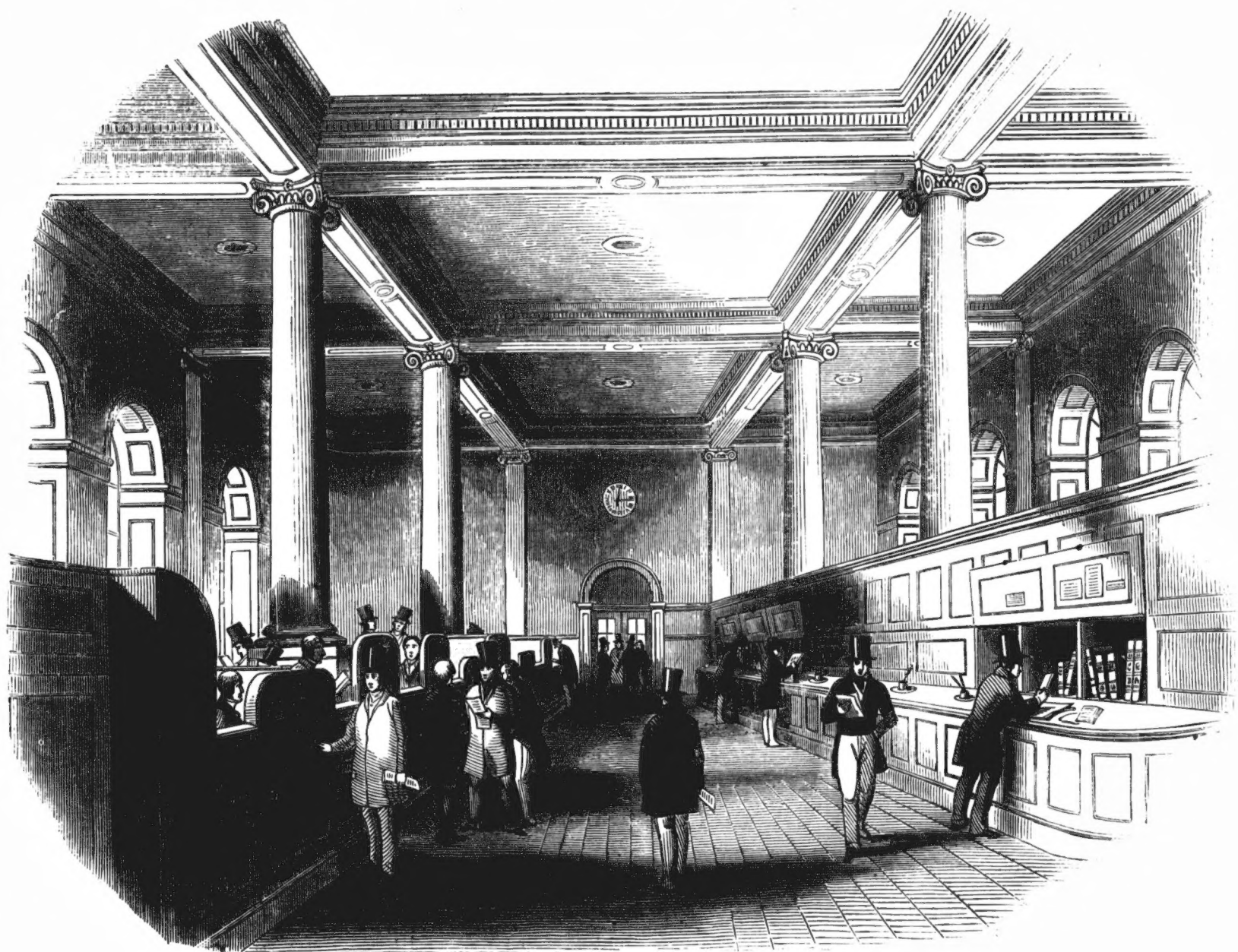
CONVIVIAL drinking is certainly an enormous fact. Good or bad—right or wrong—there it is. In antiquity it can be traced back to the time of Noah; in universality it covers the whole civilised and uncivilised world. The bowl—such as it is—is pushed about in the loneliest cannibal huts of savage wildernesses; and if the red man were really exterminated by the introduction of fire-water, that fire-water was most probably an inferior liquor of his own creation. Under the influence of the inspiring fluid the savage becomes as eloquent as his more cultivated brother. A North-American Indian, giving his opinion of brandy, said—"It is made of tongues and hearts, for when I have drunk of it I fear nothing, and I talk like an angel." In Congo the mode of serving liquor at a banquet may differ considerably from our own; but it amounts to the same thing in the end. There the master of the ceremonies holds the moringo, or flask to the mouth of the person who drinks, and when he thinks he has got sufficient, draws it away, and observes the same practice with all the other guests to the end of the feast. Here, our footmen—our masters of the ceremonies—are endowed with no such discretionary power; and the result is, that glasses are filled until their owners are sleeping over the table. In Congo the natives are so fond of intoxicating liquors that they have been known to barter one of their own children for a bottle of brandy. In England, if we are to believe the total abstinence advocates, the same proceeding, in an indirect way, is of every-day occurrence. In Ashantee a certain "lord of the council" thought nothing of drinking 15 gallons of palm wine before he went to bed; and England—not to be outdone by an obscure savage—can point, with pride, to a Mr. Vanhorn, of modern notoriety, who consumed, in the course of three and twenty years, 35,688 bottles, or 59 pipes of port wine. Looking at the subject of convivial drinking in a broad and philosophical sense—surveying the world, in fact, both past and present, from China to Peru—we are taught that, however mankind may differ in colour, geographical position, and religious belief, they all belong to the same great family when they come together over their cups.—*Leader*.

COUNT BISMARCK'S CIRCULAR.

COUNT BISMARCK is one of those diplomatists who fail to discover any advantage in beating about the bush when it is equally easy to go straight to the point and declare openly one's intentions. In this respect, indeed, he may be said to be the founder of a new school.



THE OLD LAW COURTS.—REGISTRATION AND REPORT OFFICE.



THE OLD LAW COURTS.—RECORD AND WRIT OFFICE.

THEATRES.

COVENT GARDEN.—Covent Garden Concerts — (At Eight).
Under the direction of Mr. John Russell.
DRURY LANE.—Faust.—The Miller and His Men. Seven.
HAYMARKET.—Romeo and Juliet.—To Paris and Back for Five
Pounds.—Perfection. Seven.
LYCEUM.—The Mistress of the Mill.—(At Eight) The Lady of
Lyons. Seven.
PRINCESS'S.—Poor Pillicoddy — (At a Quarter-past Eight)
Arrah-na-Pogue. Seven.
NEW ROYALTY.—Meg's Diversion.—(At Half-past Nine) The
Latest Edition of Black-Eyed Susan.—Mrs. White. Half-
past Seven.
ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS.—Horsemanship and
Scenes in the Arena. Eight.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Jus-
tice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House,
Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses
of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds.
Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery;
National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South
Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; So-
ciety of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every
year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster,
Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—PAYMENT REQUIRED.

Crystal Palace, Sydenham; Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; Gal-
lery of Illustration, Regent-street; Royal Academy; British In-
stitution; Society of British Artists; Water Colour Societies;
Polytechnic Institution, Regent-street; Thames Tunnel; Tus-
saud's Waxwork, Baker-street Bazaar; Zoological Gardens.

3.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers'
Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New
Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins);
Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College
of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum
(old London antiquities); Linsaan Society's Museum, Burlington
House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum,
South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street;
Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum,
Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street,
Strand.)

The Illustrated Weekly News.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1867.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

THE MANUFACTURE OF NOVELS.

THE art of novel writing is nothing more than a trade. Those who are facile with their pen, think no more of turning out a given amount of "copy" than a skilful mechanic does of engraving a plate or making a hat. In the days when Richardson wrote "Pamela" and Smollett, composed "Roderick Random," some reasonable time elapsed after the production of one book before it was followed by the appearance of another. But this is accounted for by the fact that the artifice of translating—or shall we use the plain Saxon word, "stealing"—from the French was then undiscovered. The most wonderful example of rapid book producing in modern times, is that afforded by the lady whose incursions come before the public under the name of M. E. Braddon. A few years ago, this author of a sensational story about a woman with tow hair with a predilection for murder and bigamy, rose suddenly from obscurity into a certain kind of fame. Since then judicious advertising has kept her name prominently before the public, and novels from her pen have succeeded one another with marvellous and extra-Dumas rapidity. Some revelations were made in a leading literary paper as to the way in which a few of these books were produced; for instance, one was said to be a reprint of a tale published in a penny journal, chiefly relying for its subscribers upon housemaids, milliners, small tradesmen, and possibly scullions; another was a hash-up of a romance which first saw the light of day in a halfpenny paper, and those *rechanfées* found readers who look upon anything in three volumes, authenticated with the Mudie stamp, as sterling coin, though in a penny or halfpenny dress, they would call it very base metal indeed. The sources of some novels, are like the sources of the Nile, hard to discover; but that "Madame Bovary" inspired the plot of "The Doctor's Wife," is openly admitted. The most remarkable "adaptation" without the slightest acknowledgment to the author, is that of the recently published work entitled "Circe," which originally appeared in a magazine conducted by Miss Braddon. "Circe" was read in "Belgravia," and its sickening moral properly reprobated. It was considered an insult to the taste of every patron of a circulating library to re-produce this tale in two volumes—its disgusting egotism, glaring profligacy, and unhealthy tone, were so unlike anything we had been accustomed to meet with in England. The ostensible author, Mr. Babington White, was not congratulated by the Press upon his literary efforts, but the crowning surprise was yet to come. It is due to the keen perception of an evening contemporary that a base and contemptible theft was detected. "Circe" was found to be nearly a verbatim translation of M. Octave Feuillet's "Dalila." Anglicised and flavoured with coarsely expressed truisms, false philosophy, and a sort of slangy conversation with which Miss Braddon has familiarised her grateful readers. During a somewhat lengthy apprenticeship to English literature, we must plead guilty to never even having heard of such an individual as Babington White. What is singular is, that neither by word or deed does he seek to extenuate his fault, or redeem his tarnished honour. Miss Braddon does battle on her own account, but poor Babington White stands out in the cold, a target for the indignant, a butt for the callous

and sceptical. Possibly Miss Braddon's talent will be able to prove Babington White to be Babington Black; but the fact of the theft remains the same, and Octave Feuillet is robbed of his due. The contemporary we have referred to, says:—"In 1853 M. Octave Feuillet published his 'Dalila,' a romance rather than a play, although its form is dramatic and its action is carried on by means of dialogues and soliloquies, and for the most part without narrative or descriptive matter. It was never intended for the theatre, and its representation on the stage, without much modification, would be scarcely practicable. A novel has just appeared entitled 'Circe,' re-published from Miss Braddon's magazine, 'Belgravia.' Its authorship is claimed by a Mr. Babington White. There is no announcement in the book to the effect that it is other than an original production. The plot of 'Circe,' however, is almost identical with the plot of 'Dalila.' It would be the height of credulity to imagine that the resemblance between these two books is merely a matter of accident, or to be attributed, in Mr. Puff's words, to 'two people happening to hit on the same thought,' and M. Feuillet making first use of it."

Then follow some parallel quotations too lengthy for us to transcribe, after which the critic says:—"There can be little doubt of the source of 'Circe' after this. It would be easy to produce similar examples. 'Elle doit être poitrine, cette fille-là,' says the Princess Falconier, eyeing Mlle. Marthe. 'That girl is evidently consumptive,' observes the Princess d'Aspramonte of Miss Graystone. The man of genius spits blood. 'Tous les artistes crachent le sang,' says Leonora. 'All artists spit blood,' says Giulia. Leonora dismisses her victim: 'Je quitte quand il me plaît; mais on ne me quitte pas.' 'I sometimes grow tired of my admirers; but I do not allow them to grow tired of me,' remarks the Princess d'Aspramonte. Even the title of the English book is due to a suggestion of M. Feuillet: 'Omphale, Circe, Dalila! ces noms de magiciennes qui flambaient comme des phares dans la tradition du monde, comment ne m'ont-ils pas éclairé?' One can fancy the English author divided between the merits of the titles 'Omphale' and 'Circe,' and ultimately deciding in favour of the shorter one; especially as there could be little question about the method of pronouncing it—"Omphale" suggesting difficulties of quantity to many. And then the author has had the effrontery here and there to head his chapters with garbled quotations from the French work, taking care of course to suppress all mention of the source of his extracts! M. Feuillet's story is not a pleasant one; it is extravagant, unnatural, and somewhat vicious in the prominence given to its cynicism. Still it is powerful in its way, and is, at any rate, his own. Such merits as "Circe" possesses are wholly due to "Dalila." It is indeed "Dalila" adapted to the London circulating libraries, amplified by the introduction of much dull matter, and hopelessly vulgarised. The crying offence of the book, however, is its absolute dishonesty. Its adapter is simply attempting to palm off upon the English public as an original novel a book stolen from the French, altered in some respects, lengthened and much maltreated, but altogether with its origin still clearly to be traced by those who will trouble themselves to examine into the matter. We claim a right to protest against a proceeding so fraudulent. In all cases of adaptation—let it be a play from a play, as "The Streets of London" from "Les Pauvres des Paris"—or a play from a novel, as "Still Waters Run Deep" from "Le Gendre"—or a novel from a novel, as "The Doctor's Wife" from "Madame Bovary," and "Circe" from "Dalila"—it is the merest justice that the obligation to the foreign and original author should be publicly acknowledged and formally placed upon record. Is not this enough to justify us in placing the mysterious Babington White in the pillory of public opinion? These Rob Roys of literature deserve to be gibbeted, though we are by no means sure that we are not pummeling a dummy when we give the rein to our indignation, and hold up to deserved infamy this very free translator. A gentleman calling himself a "Mag's Man," writes to the paper from which we have made our excerpts, and says:—"In a tolerably large acquaintance with professional *littérateurs* I never yet found any one who had met Mr. Babington White. Several persons, however, who ought to know, have assured me that, as Mrs. Prig remarked of Mrs. Harris, 'there was never no such person,' and that 'Circe' was really written by a certain lady novelist of considerable popularity. However, Miss Braddon must know, and it concerns her that there should be no such mystery in the matter. This bears out the view of the case in the absence of any outward and visible sign from 'Babington White.' We shall reserve to ourselves the right of indulging in as much scepticism respecting that person's existence as the facts at present justify. It is one of the first duties of the editor of a magazine, or, indeed, of any periodical to keep faith with its readers; and it is certainly strange that, with Miss Braddon's presumably extensive acquaintance with current French literature, she should never so much as dreamt of 'Dalila.' If Babington White comes forward with 'bell, book and candle' and confesses his sin, we acquit Miss Braddon. If Babington White continues his reserve, and refuses to emerge from his heremetic seclusion, we shall hold an opinion by no means complimentary to the lady whose duty it was to carefully examine the 'original' novel, 'Circe,' before giving the fraud the sanction of her much-abused name. The fortunes of magazines resemble those of individuals. A breath of suspicion has annihilated many a fair reputation, and the fewer Babington Whites Miss Braddon encourages to contribute to her periodical the firmer will be its foundation in public favour."

PUBLIC OPINION.

THE PEACE CONGRESS AT GENEVA.

It has hitherto been possible to hold free congresses for the discussion of social interests, because an honourable sentiment has restrained those who had no interest in the matters discussed from interfering with the proceedings; but it will be necessary henceforth to consider how their characters may be preserved when attempts are made to turn them from their proper purpose. The persons whose scandalous harangues have been reported during the last few days had no business whatever at a Peace Congress. They are men who have a quarrel, not so much with this or that Government or institution, as with all law, order, and authority. It was apparently Garibaldi's visit which gave a pretext for this perversion of the Congress from its original object. The invitation given to the General to become its honorary president was a mistake. Garibaldi is a man of the sword—not one of those whom Mr. Ruskin glorifies, who "love war for its own sake"—but a man who believes with all the strength of a sincere nature that there is work of prime necessity to be done for humanity which only the sword can accomplish. His speech at Geneva was in harmony with his whole life. It was not in harmony, however, with the doctrines of the Peace Societies, which teach peace not only as a desirable end, but as a practicable method and indispensable condition of progress, and hence the unsuitableness of his nomination. —Daily News.

ENGLISHMEN ABROAD.

At this time of the year we are annually sickened by complacent expatiation upon the good which six or eight weeks passed upon the Continent may do a man; how his mind is enlarged, his spirit refreshed, and his manners softened and not permitted to be fierce. All this may be very true of a man of a certain stamp, but of a very great many men—one might almost say of most—it is just the reverse of true. To the ignorant and the stupid to go abroad means only to strip themselves of the envying conditions of decency, modesty, and courtesy which the common sense of the minority imposes upon them at home. They are like schoolboys of the ruder sort who have escaped the eye of the master. They lose their heads in the excitement of finding themselves with leisure, with spare cash, and out of sight of that special Mrs. Grundy who, in an ordinary way, keeps them in tolerable order when they are at home. The crowning of the brave Du Guesclin in an ignoble manner is a trifle compared with what such people are capable of doing. Absolutely incapable of distinguishing sprightliness from rudeness, or graceful levity from uncouth imbecility, there is no stupid phantom of a joke from which they shrink when the useful bonds of ordinary routine are ever so little loosened. In truth, traveling to do any good, to make a rude man polite, a narrow man cosmopolitan, and so forth, must be something much more than a scamper first across one country and then across another. A man must stay at least a certain time in a place before he can know anything about it, or inhale any of its characteristic influences. If he starts with a very well-furnished mind the case may be different. But anybody who does not know nor cares to know who Du Guesclin was had much better keep out of Brittany. And it is the same all through. If you are wholly ignorant of the history and character of a country before you go, it is probably just as well that you should not go at all. You have too little common ground with the people among whom you are to mix, and had better step at home. —Saturday Review.

THE STAVELEY NON-UNIONISTS.

The case of the Staveley non-unionists is so exceptional that no general conclusion can be drawn from it. A non-unionist association, in the presence of numerous and powerful trade unions, has advantages which it would speedily lose if the trade unions were dissolved. Their existence is practically just as great a check upon the directors of the Staveley Company as it could be if their own workmen were members of one. Their men are really the weapons with which they are fighting the unions, and consequently they have every inducement to use them well. A reformation is pretty sure to be well managed so long as the organisation against which it is a protest continues powerful; but it would be dangerous to infer from this that it would be equally well managed if it had everything its own way. The non-unionist movement at Staveley may have a future of its own, but at present it is as much the creation of unionism as the trade unions themselves. —Chronicle.

MR. EDENBOROUGH AND THE LATE G. W. GORDON.

Mr. Hamilton Hume has taken care to give to the public not the examination of Mr. Edenborough as recently taken before a commissioner appointed by Baron Bramwell, with the cross-examination included, but merely the affidavit which preceded the examination. There may be a reason for this, and we ask whether it be true that Mr. Hume's name occurs in the cross-examination in a manner which requires some explanation? It is quite necessary that the utmost care should be taken to investigate this story of the Confederate privateer, because he does not hide his partisanship. Great stress is now laid upon his having identified Gordon by means of a photograph, but before he ever saw a photograph he was just as sure when in England previously that the man hung by Mr. Eyre at Morant Bay was the person who had tried to buy his schooner. At that time he described him to Mr. Cardwell as a "swell mulatto," who spoke of having been engaged in running the blockade to Galveston, and a sympathiser with the cause of the Confederates. The swell mulatto has now been converted into a parson-looking personage, with a white neckcloth—that is, after Mr. Edenborough has had the benefit of a fresh visit to Gordon's enemies in the island of Jamaica and an inspection of his photograph. As the Haytiens who were resident at Kingston at the time of the alleged interviews are the late successful revolutionists against Geffard, there is nothing improbable in the story that they and their agents made overtures to Edenborough. The very fact of a Haytian general being present completely upsets the theory that the schooner and arms were wanted for a Jamaican revolution. Mr. Gordon's friends confidently believe they will be able to explode the whole story. Mr. Gordon had little or no intercourse with the Haytian refugees. He was a warmly devoted friend of the North and freedom, and had as hearty a dislike of Confederate privateersmen as Mr. Edenborough professes to have of negroes. —Star.

THE FENIANS AGAIN.

The Fenian torment is like a mosquito bite. The bite is of no great importance, and so long as you enshroud yourself in a mosquito curtain you are safe. But the business of life cannot be done enshrouded in a mosquito curtain, and whenever you leave it you are liable to the attack, and this without any reference to the creature's chance of subsequent escape, which we have every reason to believe it does not condescend to calculate. Nothing can be more vexatious than the constant presence of this sort of irrational danger, the extent and imminence of which no laws of either motive or apparent result appear in any degree to affect. The truth obviously is that we are equally liable—and this is probably what the Fenians wish to make us feel—to suffer, suddenly, anywhere all over the world, and without the slightest power of discovering why any particular place is selected for inflicting the punishment. Nobody would be astonished to hear of an attempt on Balmoral, or that Mr. Disraeli had been seized at Hughenden Manor, and spirited away from amongst his devoted farmers and labourers, or that a *coup d'état* originated by Fenians had occurred in New Zealand, or that the Irish Republic had been proclaimed in Sisk. If there were only enough Fenians willing to sacrifice themselves in different parts of the world every day, it really would become a most unpleasant sort of guerrilla war upon society before the half million or so said to exist had been used up. There is something

—no doubt very disheartening, for it is so intangible, so inaccessible to the influence of ordinary motives—but still remarkable, and curiously indicative of the warmth of the national temperament, in the strange capacity of the Fenians to believe that they are in some way taking personal revenge for national wrongs by striking at any vulnerable point in the whole British empire. But if the lower and more ignorant English once get the idea that all Irish are Fenians, and that all Fenians may at any time attack Englishmen anywhere from mere national spite, we shall have to fear a great deal more from sudden outrages by them upon the Irish, than from sudden outrages by the Irish on them. How dangerous and savage our lowest class can be on such emergencies, the recent Birmingham riots alone show. It is to be hoped the punishment of those convicted of this outrage will be prompt and severe, if only for the sake of the lower Irish themselves. Once let the English mob of places like Manchester or Liverpool get any idea into their heads that these Fenian outrages in England are too leniently dealt with by the law or by the Government of England, and they would be taking the law into their own hands.—*Spectator*.

THE PROPER PRICE OF THE FUNDS.

The Board of Trade tables as to the average rate of discount for the last fifteen years, and the average price of Three per Cent. Consols, show distinctly the change which has taken place of late years. That change might almost be described as the separation of the discount market from the Consol market. The last time money was for a long period as low as now,—viz., in 1852 and 1853, the average price of the month was over 101, and the average price of the year was 99½; whereas at present the price cannot reach 95. The contrast is to be most marked in 1862—ten years after the former period of very cheap money; in that year the average rate of discount was 2½, but the average price of Consols was 93. For this there are three reasons. The first is, the great augmentation of late years of money on short loan—a consequence of the great growth of banking in London. Secondly, it is becoming more and more understood that the investment of temporary moneys in the public funds is dangerous. Consols, in everything but a general panic upon banks at large, are as good as money; in case of a local pressure on the bank holding them, they are, with the present means of communication, quite as good; they can, as the phrase is, "be sold on a Sunday," and when nothing else can. Still, bankers should not hold their reserve only in stock, because a pressure upon them is most likely to come upon them in bad times, or at any rate in uneasy times, and then the public funds are generally low. A banker generally buys stock when he has much money—that is, in good times, and when stock is dear; and he sells it in bad moments—that is, when it is cheap. Stock, therefore, is to him a very losing article. Thirdly, in old times the yearly accumulations of the country, which fill the short loan market, passed into the funds too. So little else was known to the ordinary saving man that he was sure to buy Consols if he could get them, even at a very high price. But now the annual increase of what may be called, *par excellence*, "Consol money" is but small; trust funds under strict deeds and wills prescribing such an investment, and no other. Very timid people, who cannot bear the idea of anything else, still exist, but the number certainly does not increase rapidly, even if it does not, upon the whole diminish, and the ordinary accumulations of the country now shun the funds rather than seek them. It is, if we may say so, looked on as "low" or weak-minded to invest in them. The public, perhaps to an excessive degree, require investments with more tempting interest. The wish for security has decreased and is decreasing; the wish for income has increased and is increasing. As far as the separation of the "Consol" market from the "short loan" market can be augmented, the *Economist* would desire to see it augmented. The best use of Consols is promoted by a stability in their value, and that stability will be increased or lessened in proportion as the Consol market is united with or parted off from the ever changing market of Lombard-street.—*Economist*.

THE LIBERALS AND THEIR LEADERS.

The best way to give unity of action to politicians of various shades of Liberalism would be for Mr. Gladstone to make a declaration of his personal policy on the great questions which must soon be dealt with. This would now go far to establish a healthy tone of opinion and feeling; the hesitating, the timid, the weak, the intriguers, would have time to see what was before them, to make up their minds, and to announce themselves either enemies or friends; the earnest and the honest would be at the same time reassured and encouraged to propagate their opinions with all the authority of men who were prepared to follow a firm-hearted leader. But this profession of belief, valuable as it would unquestionably be, would, by itself be insufficient to establish the lost discipline in the ranks. It would be necessary some time before the assembling of Parliament to take measures to ascertain, by a public meeting of the party or otherwise, the precise amount of dissent which might exist on each particular point of the programme. Where this dissent was insignificant, whether in the number or the consequence of the dissenters, it might be safely left unregarded. Where it was very considerable it would be necessary of course to resort to compromises, and the compromises of last year have taught us at all events that the obstinacy which rejects compromises would not be found amongst the advanced Liberals. Out of these arrangements such a consensus of Liberal opinion would be arrived at that the supremacy of the party would be restored, and, much better than this, that for the first time since the fall of Lord Grey's Ministry Liberalism would again be a coherent, consistent, and practical aggregation of principles.—*London Review*.

THE ARREST OF GARIBALDI.

"GARIBALDI was arrested on Monday evening at Sinigaglia, near Siena, by order of the Italian Government. He was conveyed by special train to Florence, and from thence to Alexandria. At the time of his arrest he was preparing to enter the Papal territory." Such is the telegram which has taken Europe somewhat by surprise. There are some who say that, Garibaldi arrested, means Italy saved; but, although we are not prepared to go so far as that, we do not look upon the event as one by any means disastrous to the accomplishment of Italian unity.

BATHING AT MARGATE.—The *Observer*, after observing that the bath said the better about the style of bathing at Margate, says a good deal about it. Our contemporary says that—"The corporation have caused to be erected possibly some hundred or hundred and twenty feet from the ridge of the Marine-parade a series of long poles, within which, when the tide is up, male bathers are prohibited from bathing, under certain pains and penalties, unless in bathing drawers; but there appears to be no restriction with regard to the other sex, who, in unsightly elongated skirts, or a species of "Mynheer von Dunk's" inexpressibles, may indulge in the evolutions of Macbeth's witches to any extent (and some of them really go to great lengths) without notice. Somehow or other, at these places people seem altogether to abandon the usual habits of domestic life, and appear to consider themselves, independent of age or sex, all members of the same human family, and hence familiarities ensue which at home would be looked upon as 'really shocking'."

On Saturday a very frightful occurrence took place at the Colney Hatch Station of the Great Northern Railway, three children belonging to one family being literally cut to pieces. The three children were upon one side of the line, and as a train had passed they ran across the railway just as the 11.55 a.m. express up Midland train had passed through. The result was that the children were dismembered and smashed into a shapeless mass. Their remains were collected and conveyed away to await an inquest.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—The autumn season of Drury Lane commenced on Saturday night with two revivals, one of which last year attracted immense numbers of people, while the other was a favourite in the days of our fathers, when a good rousing musical melodrama was fully in accordance with popular taste even at first-class theatres. The house was full in every part when the curtain rose on "Faust," and a quarter of an hour later hundreds were content to stand, and were thankful for standing room. Judging from the opening night, "Faust" promises to be this year as successful for a time as it was last autumn, and it will almost certainly fill the theatre every night for two weeks, at the end of which "King John" is to be produced. The scenery is, if possible, even better than that of last year; and on Saturday the drama was played from first to last so smoothly that it almost seems as if, down to the supers, last year's company has been kept together for the express purpose of this revival. Mr. Phelps was again Mephistopheles and Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Margaret, and both of them fully satisfied the audience, which from time to time applauded their efforts most heartily. We do not think Mr. Phelps has before appeared to better advantage at Drury Lane. He was so completely *au fait* in his part that one could hardly conceive it a labour to him to play it. His sardonic air and tone corresponded so well with the words he had to utter, that it is no wonder many of the spectators were completely carried away by their admiration. They took all the points as the actor made them, and appeared fully to enter into and realise the ideas of Goethe. "The Miller and his Men," has a right to its longevity, and we cannot think it has yet seen its last or its best days. Never was it put upon a stage better than at Drury Lane on this its first appearance on those boards. Mr. J. Johnson has produced some very effective scenery, with a windmill in motion, and—which is the only blemish in an effective piece of work—moving by fits and starts as the carpenter at the crank behind conceived it convenient. Mr. Ryder played Grindoff, and did his duty with ease; Mr. Edmund Phelps was a tolerable Lothair; Mr. C. Harcourt an unobjectionable Count; and Mr. J. Rouse did the buffo business of Karl's part as well as it needed to be done. The famous music by Sir Henry Bishop was given with much care and much effect, and the chorus "Stay, weary traveller" was, as well as the "Robbers' Song," rapturously received by a house which the success of "Faust" had predisposed to be somewhat critical. "The Miller and his Men" is, we trust, but the first of a series of such revivals, for which, mounted in the manner for which Mr. Chatterton's management is famous, we predict an unqualified success.

LYCEUM.—Last week Mr. Fechter inaugurated a new performance of "The Lady of Lyons," intended to instruct English actors in the true art of acting the English drama. To a considerable extent, Mr. Fechter's notions are undoubtedly right, and his conception of the character of Claude Melnotte is well thought out and carefully enacted. His pronunciation of Bulwer's verses presents the text not only intelligently, but emphatically, and sometimes his reading brings out a beauty not previously perceived. But there is many an admirer of the play who will protest against the alterations that have been made in it, in order to suit Mr. Fechter's ideas of dramatic structure. He removes the first scene, apparently considering that the situation is sufficiently explained by the conversation between Beausant and Glavis afterwards, and the events that take place in the Melnotte cottage. Dr. Johnson, in like manner and for similar reasons, thought that the first act of "Othello" was superfluous, and that, with two or three explanatory speeches, the tragedy might commence with the Moor's arrival at Cyprus. Shakspearean critics, however, differed from Dr. Johnson, and so the tragedy has continued to be performed in its integrity. It was felt that the portion of the story contained in the first act was better shown in action than in description, and that we obtained a truer idea of Othello and Desdemona by witnessing their conduct before the Sagittary than if we had only been told of the affair in general terms. Now, the first scene of "The Lady of Lyons" had precisely the same merit; it possessed us of the specific characters of Pauline and her mother, and showed in action the sort of conduct which provoked the severe retaliation and its consequences that form the subject of the play. No doubt, the omission has the effect of giving extra relief to the part of Claude Melnotte, but that of Pauline proportionally suffers. We regret this the more as the play advances, for Miss Carlotta Leclercq evinces a remarkable power for representing the character in a manner equally natural and forcible. The play is strongly cast; Miss Elsworth sustains the Widow Melnotte with praiseworthy attention to details usually overlooked, and Mrs. Marston has been expressly engaged for Madame Deschappelles. Mr. Jordan took great pains with the ungrateful character of Beausant, and Mr. Addison's impersonation of Damas was decidedly good. We cannot close, however, without noticing the alteration made in the last scene of the first act, where, instead of Beausant's sending a letter, as in the original copy, he comes himself, and tempts the passionate young man into the snare by a sort of personal fascination which is not without its theatrical advantage. In regard to the *mise-en-scène*, this revival is altogether admirable. The introduction of seats into the garden-scene and the well-furnished drawing-room and conservatory in the last act, together with the stage business relative to the final interview between Claude and Pauline, are decided improvements. On the whole, notwithstanding all drawbacks, the performance is likely to be serviceable to the cause of histrionic art, and ought to furnish hints by which inferior actors should benefit.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The Saturday Concerts, which have brought so much artistic honour to the Crystal Palace Company, were resumed on Saturday last, under the direction of Herr Manns. During the vacation extensive and valuable improvements have been made in the orchestra and auditorium, so that the company now possesses a concert-hall which, for convenience and acoustical advantages, could scarcely be surpassed. The band, too, has been augmented since last season, and, if we mistake not, the choir likewise is numerically stronger. The vocal part of the programme was entrusted to Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey-Whytock, and Mr. G. Patey. Madame Patey-Whytock's genuine contralto voice was heard to the best possible advantage in Mr. Benedict's charming song from "St. Cecilia," "Father whose blessing we entreat," and Mchul's "In infancy our hopes and fears," both of which she sang with remarkable richness of tone, purity of style, and musical feeling of the warmest and best kind. The second of these pieces was unanimously encored, but Madame Patey-Whytock merely returned to the platform to modestly decline the compliment. Mr. Patey gave Handel's glorious inspiration "La gloria sola" (from "Admeto") with appropriate spirit, his singing throughout being worthy of the music, and subsequently distinguished himself honourably by a most forcible and energetic rendering of Neukomm's once popular air "The sea, the sea," which served also to display the compass of his voice to very great advantage. To Miss Edith Wynne was assigned Mozart's "Voi che sapete," and Mr. Arthur Sullivan's "Over the roof and over the wall." The former was re-demanded, but Miss Wynne declined to repeat it. With respect to the latter, however (also encored), she was more complaisant. Into the exquisite beauty of Mozart's air the fair vocalist threw all her soul, but the audience seemed to prefer Mr. Arthur Sullivan's effusion, which she did not sing as well as we have heard her. This was one of those things that pass all understanding. Herr Manns, who conducted throughout in his well-known mastery, was enthusiastically applauded at the termination as he had already been at the commencement of the concert.

FUN OF THE WEEK.

PUNCH.

A PERENNIAL NOVELTY.—Mr. Sothern is announced to appear again as "Lord Dandream." A contributor, suffering heavily under the influence of the dead season, writes to say, than he won't say his lordship is never "dreary," but he is certainly never "done."

A CHOICE OF EVILS.—On the arrest of the gang of City burglars the other day in Wood-street, we learn that the rascals were in possession of a bunch of skeleton keys that would open almost every warehouse in the street. This is pleasant intelligence. We have often heard that there is a skeleton in every cupboard. Query, whether this is worse than a skeleton key in every safe.

NOTA BENE.—That the Pan-Anglican Sermons of the day were preached by one Bishop after another, cannot be used by High Churchmen as an argument in favour of the existence of Apostolic Succession in the Anglican Church.

THE BROAD ANGLICAN RULE.
(Settled by the great English Pope.)
"On Sundays preach and eat his fill,
And fast on Fridays—if he will."

A GRAVAMEN.—The Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of Natal (according to the Denisonian view.) His Grace and His Dis-Grace.

WANTED, A FATHER.—Why is the Reform Bill like the new melodrama at the Surrey?—Because it is "Nobody's Child."

SERIOUS.—Cousin George: "Look here, Cousin Grace, it's my last half at school, and if you'll throw over that Major Pendragon, I'll marry you at Christmas!"

A PLAGUE NOT CONFINED TO ABYSSINIA.—The Guinea-worm.

ARTFUL.—VERY.—Mery: "Don't keep a screwing o' me, John!"—John: "Whoi bean't a screwing on ye!"—Mary (ingeniously): "Well, y' can i' y' like, John!"

FUN.

A SISTER OF MERCY.—Ann-aesthesis.

FERRY MUCH SO!—Why are the ferry boats built to run between Carnarvon and Anglesea engaged in a dangerous traffic?—Because they are destined for Menai Straits.

FASHIONABLE.—The latest appearance of "the Ancient Marryin'" or, mentioned by Coleridge, was at the wedding of Miss May and Lord December.

A YARD MEASURE.—The tradespeople on the south side of the water are accused of giving false measures. We have lately been inspecting some houses erected in that district for occupation by the labouring classes, and we are glad to be able to exonerate the building trade from the charge of short measures. We observed that the yards behind the houses were never more or less than three feet.

BOTTLED.—Some poor idiot, the other day, thought it a clever practical joke to send a bottle afloat at sea containing a slip of paper, on which was written—"Dr. Livingstone, off Zambesi. Not lost at all. Can't think how the report got about." The ignorant donkey was, in point of geography, quite as much at sea as he evidently supposed the great traveller to be.

GRAMMAR!—A weekly contemporary, describing some experimental operations lately carried out at Chatham, says:—"The electric light, with powerful reflectors, are the means to be employed." Is them?—we beg pardon—Are it? Well, then, we trust next time the writer of that sentence takes up the pen, he will use a little powerful reflection before he employs the English language.

THE SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS.—Our well-beloved Coal.

THE "Fort-hitter in re" and the "Zouave-iter in Modo."—We note with glee that Marshall Forey will not allow himself to be falsely made a round in the ladder of Jacob's success, and trust the impostor may catch the punishment he so richly deserves. Let him in future stick to his trumpet; he has shown us that he is fully capable of blowing that instrument.

OYSTERS ARE AT A PRETTY TUNE.—In a list of new works we notice the following:—

"Songsters, Our Native. By Anna Pratt."

Whistling oysters are not unknown to the naturalist, but a singing one is quite a novelty. Are its notes produced by the aid of bivalves? We confess we should like to hear it sing, Ann Prattle too. A present of a barrel of oysters will, we presume, in future be considered as equivalent to "tipping a few staves." Friends will please take note of this intimation.

A LIKELY CASE-LEY.—Set a thief to catch a thief—or foil a thief. In other words, employ a burglar to invent a burglar-proof safe. It is stated that Casley, during his enforced stay at Fremantle, in Western Australia, has invented such a safe, and has sent a model to the jeweller, for breaking into whose premises he was sentenced, as "some compensation for the loss of the robbery." To which paragraph we reply, in the name of the jeweller in question—Walker!

A NEW FORMATION.—The *Court Circular*, in speaking of the deceased French poet, Beauchemin, describes his forehead as "formed in long grey hair." We don't quite understand the meaning of the expression; we cannot understand how hair can form a forehead, though we could point out many men who owe the appearance of a noble intellectual and lofty forehead to the absence of hair on the fore-cranium.

THE FOREIGN "OFFICE."—Keep your powder dry!

JUDY.

THE Surgeons' Dance.—The Lancers!

"A SHOCKING AFFAIR."—An electric battery.

"THINGS WE Seldom read about, and very seldom see."—A singer with a falsetto voice and a false set o' teeth!

"HANDS OFF!"—When does a captain of a vessel commit self-mutilation?—When he goes on shore, and leaves his hands on board.

LATEST FROM TWICKENHAM.—The income of the Duc D'Aumale is £100,000 a year, and may therefore be looked on in the light of an "Orleans Plum."

SCENE IN A BOOTMAKER'S SHOP.—Heavy Swell to Bootmaker: "I wish to have a pair of boots made with fashionable toes."—Bootmaker (after taking the measure): "Fashionable toes, sir, yes, sir; 'ow about the 'eels, sir?"—Heavy Swell (satirically): "Ow about the 'eels, eh? Well, I suppose you had better put me on a pair of Congers."—[Exit H.S., leaving Bootmaker with an (e)l-on-gated visage.]

WHY IS THE NEW REFORM BILL LIKE PARIS BY NIGHT AT THE COLISEUM?—Because it's a Bright look-out from a Dizzy point of view.

WHY IS BLACK-EYED SUSAN AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE AN ILL-NATURED PERSON?—Because she comes between "Mrs. White" and another lady's "diversion."

WHY IS THE OLYMPIC MORE EASILY FOUND THAN OTHER THEATRES?—Because you know in which (Wyeh) street it is.

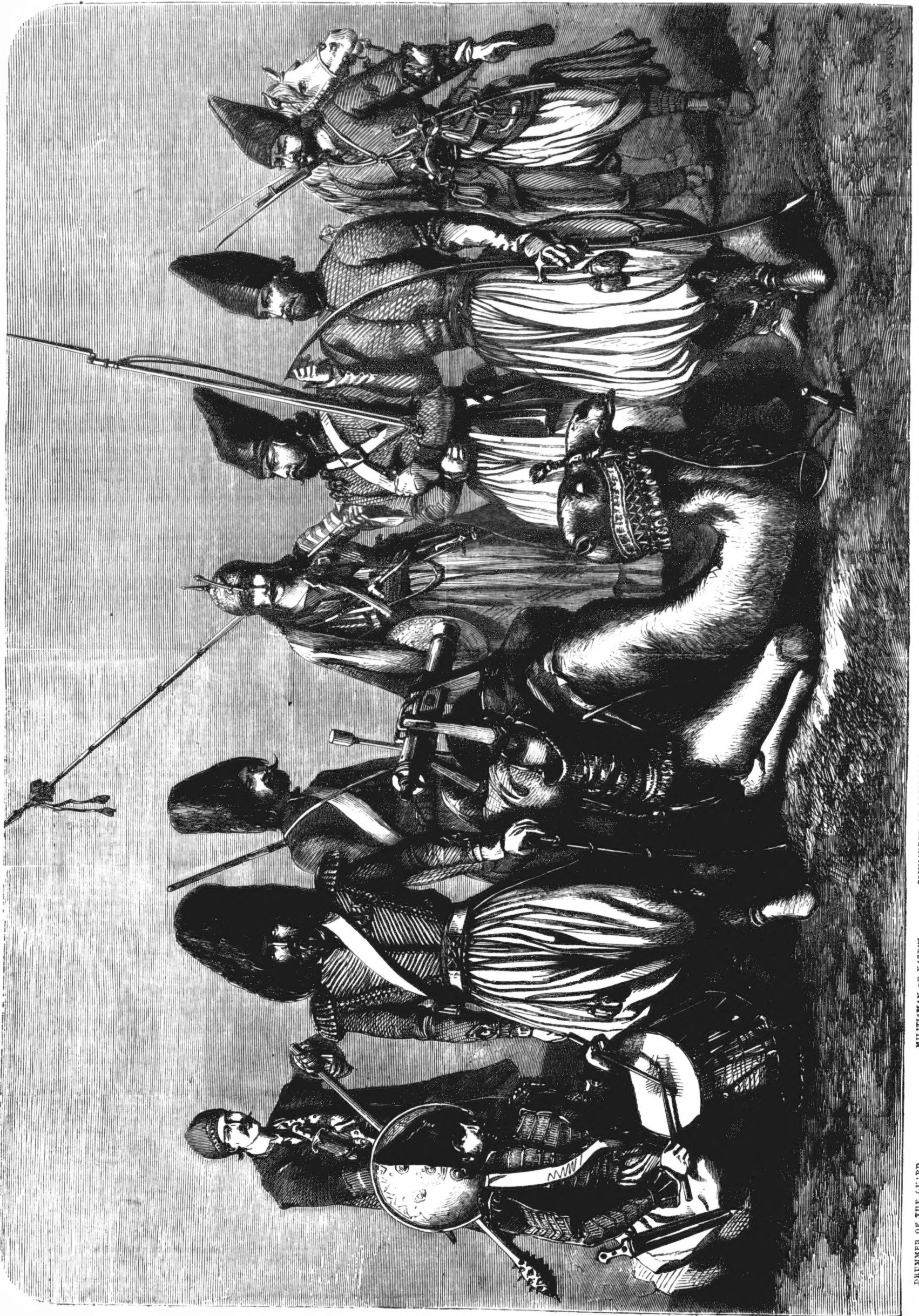
IF A MAN FALLS FROM AN OMNIBUS, WHY IS HE LIKE "NOBODY'S CHILD?"—Because he's an off 'un!

WHY INDEED?—If pawnbrokers are not allowed to take the pledge without first procuring a licence, why should teetotallers be exempted?

SPORTING NEWS.—The Marquis of Hastings was present at the recent Kelso races. We don't know whether his lordship intends to rush into print, but we have heard it very currently reported that he made some "Notes on the Border."

A KEY THAT OFTEN HAMPER THE LOCK.—Whiskey.

HANDY SERVANT FOR HOT WEATHER.—Light Poetry.



DRUMMER OF THE GUARD.

MULHAWAN OF KASHAN.

COMMANDER OF ARTILLERY.

KURD.

FUSILIER OF THE GUARD.

CAPTAIN OF INFANTRY.

IRREGULAR CAVALRY.

COSTUMES OF THE PERSIAN ARMY.



PROCESSION OF STATE OFFICERS AT CAIRO, EGYPT.

The Poisoner's Daughter: A TALE OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MOTHER OF THE DWARF.

MADAME HARVEYL had first directed her efforts to check the flow of blood from the wound in Lenora's fair shoulder, and having readily effected that, and ascertained that the ball had passed through, striking, but not breaking the arm of the young lady, she quickly restored her to consciousness.

"Lord Albert! He is safe?" were Lenora's first words, after glancing wildly about her.

"The two gentlemen who entered our house are safe, young lady," replied Madame Harveyl. "I suppose one of them is the lord you name."

"Thank Heaven!" said Lenora, clasping her hands. "It was a narrow escape. Are his wounds serious, madame?"

"That I cannot answer, as I have not seen either of the gentlemen yet."

"Oh, my dear madame, pray inquire this instant," cried Lenora. "He was wounded more severely than he would admit."

"Madame Harveyl nodded to the servant, and the latter left the room to inquire after Lord Albert."

"His Majesty, the King, did not escape with you, young lady?" or is one of the gentlemen Charles the Second?

"May I ask, madame, how you learned that the King is in London?" said Lenora, surprised at the question.

"My son tells me everything. Louis has no secrets from his mother," replied Madame Harveyl.

"Ah, you are the mother of Louis?"

"And proud to be his mother. You are strangely like him."

"I!" exclaimed Lenora.

"Ah, not in form, my dear child—poor Louis is deformed. But your eyes, and the shape of your forehead, your lips, your profile—great heaven! the more intently I study your features the more striking points of resemblance I find," cried Madame Harveyl, agitated beyond her customary proud melancholy. "Your name, my child?"

"My name is Lenora."

"Yes, yes; Louis told me that, but your full name."

"Lenora Brame is the only name which has ever belonged to me, so far as I know, madame," replied Lenora.

"Brame! The name of the man who lives in the Red House?"

"Reginald Brame, madame, calls me his daughter."

"The poisoner! Ah, Louis did not tell me all; or did he know all himself? So, you are the daughter of Reginald Brame the poisoner!" cried Madame Harveyl, involuntarily recoiling from the bed.

"And Louis has lost his heart with a daughter of a poisoner!"

"Madame," said Lenora, in tones of icy haughtiness, if "Reginald Brame has ever poisoned anyone, I know nothing of it—"

"Pardon, pardon!" exclaimed Madame Harveyl, falling upon her knees, and kissing the pale hand of the wounded Lenora.

"Forgive me, my child! God knows if we are to shun children because of the sins of their parents, what right could I claim, sinner that I was, sinner that I still am, for any child of mine!"

Quick and heavy sobbing checked her utterance, and burying her face in the bed-covering, she wept bitterly, only able to gasp at intervals:—

"My God! pardon! pardon!"

"She is insane," thought Lenora, "or does some great sorrow drive her nearly mad?"

The servant woman entering, said:—

"Master Louis says that Lord Albert is not seriously wounded."

Then perceiving the posture and grief of Madame Harveyl, she ran to her, knelt by her, and began to soothe her with kind words, and those tender gestures which women alone can use.

"My lady, be calm—be comforted. You have repented and God has forgiven. Oh, if Master Louis should see you thus! God has forgiven—"

"Yes, Martha, yes, Martha, he would forgive if I were not even sinning in concealing the crime of my youth. Even to you I have never told it."

"Hush, my lady! We are not alone, and she is conscious."

"Rise my lady, and be calm. Hark! there is a disturbance!"

The disturbance to which Martha alluded was that which we related in the preceding chapter.

"Louis allows no interference in his plans for defence," said Madame Harveyl, rising and drying her tears. "Poor child! into what an abyss of crime have the crimes of others plunged him!"

"It is no crime, my lady, to defend the King and his friends," replied Martha, warmly.

Lenora, looking steadily at Martha, saw that she was a strong, ruddy-cheeked, benevolent-featured woman, with bold, blue eyes and a firm, defiant mouth.

"Martha is a good friend and a bitter foe," thought Lenora.

"What cries and shouts!" exclaimed Madame Harveyl. "And now all is still. If there was an attack, it has been repulsed."

"Martha, why are you so pale?"

"That dreadful trap," replied Martha, who was well acquainted with the cunning defences of the dwarf. "Yet it is in self-defence, my lady."

"We must leave this dreadful house as soon as we are assured of the safety of the King," said Madame Harveyl.

"Then you have not lived in this house many years?" asked Lenora.

"Did not Louis tell you, young lady, that he would prepare a place of temporary refuge for the King? Years! We have not lived in this lonely house of Freeman's Marsh two months," said Madame Harveyl. "But sleep, dear lady, or you may have a fever. Drink this."

She advanced with a goblet in her hand, but Lenora declined it, saying:—

"It is an opiate, madame. I desire no forced sleep. I have a horror of drugs."

"No wonder, poor child, since she is the daughter of a poisoner," whispered Martha to Madame Harveyl, and the latter placed the rejected goblet upon a table.

"Silence, Martha. Louis loves her."

"But, poor master, she does not love him. She loves that handsome lord."

"I will wager my life that his face is not any handsomer than that of my son," replied Martha. "But look at her, Martha, as she lies there propped up with pillows—is she not magnificently beautiful?"

"But the daughter of Reginald Brame, who is a poisoner—at least so everybody says," whispered Martha, "and you know she must know something about poisons. Oh, my lady, I am glad that she does not love Master Louis. She might poison him some day."

"Martha, silence! She is pure and innocent, and how beautiful! Ah, no wonder poor Louis lost his heart at first sight!"

"And has he known her long, my lady?"

"Not three months, Martha. He met her one night at the house of Cromwell's Secretary, Mr. John Milton, the poet—you know that Louis reveres the learned secretary."

"And that is more than I do," replied honest Martha. "They say he had much to do with beheading poor King Charles, and I have read his defence of that murderous deed. Oh, no! I have no love for Mr. John Milton, for all that he writes so much poetry—and such poetry! Give me a rousing 'Now fill to King Charlie,' or 'Roundheads, to the devil with ye,' or a nice ballad of that kind. But away with your Mr. Milton's blank verse! Ah, a rap at the door!"

"It is my son, admit him," said Madame.

"Without my permission, madame," exclaimed Lenora haughtily. "But, as you have saved my life, of course you can do as you please."

"My dear lady," said Madame Harveyl, with a deep humility which astonished Martha, "I thought you slept."

"And think you, madame, that it would please me to have Master Louis gazing upon me while I knew it not?" asked Lenora.

"He shall not be admitted, young lady, since you cannot bear to look upon one who adores the very earth you have trodden upon—poor Louis!" replied Madame Harveyl.

"Madame," said Lenora calmly, "I am not one of those who delight in deluding. I do not love your son however much he may love me. He is of a noble nature in many things—"

"In all things, in all! He is noble in all, young lady. What is beauty of person compared with beauty of soul? Oh, lady, he adores you—pray do not wound his heart by showing dislike! There, he raps again."

"I do not dislike him," replied Lenora. "I know very little about him. He has done me a great service and I am grateful, but love him!—ah, that is another thing. Admit him, since you desire it, madame, but allow me to be unmolested," and so saying Lenora turned her face toward the wall.

Martha, who had regarded Lenora with an unfriendly eye, and who was devoted to her deformed master, opened the door, but started back as she saw the stately form of the earl towering far above the dwarf.

"Master Louis with Lord Albert!" she said, still keeping the door half closed.

"Admit them," commanded Lenora, no longer gazing at the wall, but fixing her eyes upon the half-opened door.

Martha at once gave them admittance, and the earl, after a glance at Madame Harveyl, a start of surprise, bowed to her courteously, and hastened to the bedside of Lenora.

"Ah," thought the vigilant and jealous dwarf, "he loves her, but with an honourable passion, for he addresses her as if she were his equal, nay, superior in rank. Is he deceiving her to be her ruin, or does he really desire to make her his wife, his countess?"

"Help, Master Louis," cried Martha, "your mother has fainted!" and as he turned his eyes towards her he saw that Martha was supporting the unconscious form of his mother.

"Why did she swoon?" asked the dwarf, as he aided Martha to place Madame Harveyl upon a lounge. "I never knew her to faint before, and I have seen her smeared to the elbow in the blood of wounded men, as she dressed their hurts."

"True, my master," replied Martha, as he applied restoratives which he nimbly selected and used. "No sight of blood caused

my mistress to faint. I was standing near her when Lord Albert entered; indeed I was about to ask her some question at the moment, so that my eyes were on her face as he entered. I saw her turn ashy pale, place her hand to her heart and then to her head, and then murmur, "It is his soul!" and then she reeled, and I saw she was about to fall and caught her."

"What mystery is this?" muttered the dwarf, flashing his eyes towards the earl. "I was watching him when he entered, and I was sure that he started when he saw my mother. Another mystery to solve, when I have already two gnawing questions eating up my heart and brain—Is Lenora the daughter of Reginald Brame? Am I the son of Madame Harvey?"

He had muttered louder and more audibly than he intended, or he forgot that Martha's keen ears were so near, for she grasped his sleeve in half terror, half anger, whispering:—

"What! you doubt that you are the son of Madame Harvey? Has love maddened your brain?"

"You have overheard my thoughts," replied the dwarf, with a fierce emphasis, which he enforced by seizing Martha's ear between his vice-like fingers, and twisting it until she stamped with pain. "Beware how you ever tell her!"

He pointed at his mother, who was evincing signs of returning consciousness.

"Master Louis," said Martha, releasing her ear from his grasp, "you may scratch, and beat, and ill-treat me, and not a word will I say of it to any one, but as much as I love you, and I love you as if you were my own flesh and blood, if ever you wound the heart of your mother by unworthy suspicions, from that instant, Master Louis, I will hate you."

"Hate me, Martha?"

"Hate you, Master Louis. Have you not your mother's eyes, your mother's nose, your mother's forehead, oh! many a feature of your sad-hearted mother, and yet you—God only knows why!—are saying to yourself, 'Am I the son of Madame Harvey?' Your love has driven your wits wild, my master."

"Stay—one word before my mother is fully herself," said the dwarf. "It is true that I favour my mother much, but there is one in the house of Reginald Brame whom I favour more."

"That beauty lying there in the bed, while her lover kneels upon the floor! Oh, I noticed that resemblance before your mother did."

"Then she has remarked it?"

"Of course—who could not? But nonsense—Madame Harvey is not in a swoon now, she sleeps."

"Let her sleep," replied the dwarf, for I have more to say. You heard me say that there is one in the house of Reginald Brame whom I favour more than I do my mother. Is Lady Lenora now in the house of the poisoner, as you all call him? Is she not here?"

"I do not understand," replied Martha.

"I mean that the person whom I so much resemble is now in the Red House," said the dwarf.

"And this man? Who is he?"

"It is not a man," replied the dwarf, "it is a woman, and they call her Mag Floss."

Mag Floss? I have never heard of anyone of that name, Master Louis," remarked Martha. "But what put into your mind the empty question, 'Am I the son of Madame Harvey?'"

"It is not the suspicion of a day, nor a month, nay, nor a year," said the dwarf morosely. "But my mother wakes."

Madame Harvey had heard nothing, not a word, of this rapid and whispered conversation, and as she was assisted to a sitting posture by Martha, for Louis stood aloof, the first words she uttered proved that her thoughts were of her meeting with the earl.

"Said I anything aloud, Martha?" she asked.

"Hush, my lady; he is still present," replied Martha, directing the attention of her mistress to the earl, whose back was towards her, as he knelt by the bed, in earnest conversation with Lenora.

"He!" said the jealous dwarf, with a scornful smile. "You might shout 'Cromwell comes!' and he could not hear. Tell me, mother, why you swooned when you saw the earl?"

"My son!" cried Madame Harvey, so sharply that the earl falsified the assertion of the dwarf and sprang to his feet with his hand upon the hilt of his sword.

"Madame," said the earl, advancing, after a moment's silence had assured him that no sudden attack from outside foes had caused the shrill exclamation, "with your permission I will withdraw; yet first allow me to apologize for my seeming neglect of your presence."

"The blind, the deaf lover!" thought the ready-witted Martha. "He does not even know that my mistress hath passed through a swoon, nor heard the rattling of vials by Master Louis."

"Devils!" thought the dwarf, as he crushed his sharp nails into his hot palms. "His whole soul has been absorbed in making love."

The dwarf was mistaken, for Lord Albert had completed his courting and won the heart of the beautiful Lenora. Long before Master Louis had lost his heart in admiring the loveliness of the young lady, Lord Albert and Lenora had been discussing the necessity of a speedy marriage and a flight from England to Holland.

"Is it possible that he does not know that I have been in a swoon?" thought Madame Harvey, staring at the handsome face of the young earl. "Then, indeed, if Lenora loves him as he loves her, the passion of my poor Louis must be crushed."

"We have met before," continued the earl, carelessly adjusting his arm in the sling which the dwarf had made of his silken sash, though you may have forgotten it, Madame."

"He has forgotten the name which I bore when I met him, or he does not know that which I now bear, or he would not say 'Madame' simply," thought Madame Harvey, unconsciously skirting from the conversation.

"I do not recollect that we have ever met before," said she aloud, and with an effort at calmness which could not deceive the jealous eyes of the dwarf. "I think I once met your father, the late Earl of Branchland."

"If you have forgotten our meeting," replied the earl, with a grave bow, "I need not presume to refer to it again. Permit me, in withdrawing, to express my profound gratitude to one who has been so kind to Mistress Lenora Brame. Master Louis has already received my thanks for his care of myself. When England's throne is filled by her rightful King, and the now exiled and outlawed are again in possession of their own, if I then live I trust I may not be ungrateful."

"And this noble earl, so lofty and noble," thought Martha, whose sharp blue eyes and no less sharp ears observed all, "loves the daughter of Reginald Brame, the poisoner."

"My lord," replied Madame Harvey, rising with a grace and dignity worthy of a duchess, "I am growing old, and have seen much sorrow, so that you will pardon my memory. I have met, as I said, your noble father, whom you resemble so amazingly. But pay no thanks to me nor to my son, who are ever ready to lay down our lives in the service of King Charles the Second, as my husband gave his, and as your honoured father gave his in defence of Charles the First. As for Mistress Lenora Brame, my lord, be assured that we shall not fail in making her compulsory stay beneath our roof as agreeable and as secure as possible."

"Thanks, Madame," said the earl, meeting her stately hospitality with equal stateliness, and after an exchange of devoted glances with Lenora, he left the apartment, lighted out by the dwarf.

Scarcely had the door closed after them when Madame Harvey leaned heavily upon the shoulder of Martha, whispering in a husky tone:—

"In a moment more I should have fainted again. Great God! why should his presence thus prostrate my strength? Will I never overcome this unfortunate malady!"

"These words were not meant for my ear," thought Martha, as she upheld the terrible form of her mistress.

"Did you speak, my lady? Are you ill?"

Madame Harvey seemed to recover her strength and calmness instantly, saying, in a firm tone:—

"Tell my son that I wish to see him before he retires—that I must see him. I wish to be alone with this girl, or lady, or what she may be."

"It will be better for her health that she should sleep, my lady," urged Martha.

"I must ask her a few questions," persisted Madame Harvey. "Let my son meet me in his own apartment."

She moved towards the bed, but saw that Lenora had closed her eyes in sleep, yet so great was her anxiety to ask some question which had been answered in her mind, that she had reached forth her hand to awaken the sleeping lady, when Martha caught the extended arm, and whispered in a tone of respectful reproach:—

"Ah, Madame! Master Louis loves her."

Madame Harvey withdrew her hand, not angry with her servant, saying in the same subdued tone:—

"You are right, Martha. It would be cruel to wake her. I will wait, or perhaps I may learn what I wish to know from Louis. Remain with her, Martha, until I return."

Madame Harvey, whose calmness was more impressive than any agitation could have been, took a small hand-lamp and left the room.

Scarcely had she done so when Lenora startled Martha by a loud cry of "Save him! Haste! Save him!" and sat up in bed with every feature of her lovely face rigid with terror.

"Be calm, my dear young lady," said Martha, soothingly. "You are among friends, and Lord Albert is safe in this house—indeed, you have but just seen him leave this room. Dreams, my dear lady; bad dreams. Lie down and sleep again."

"Good woman," replied Lenora, "I know where I am, and I know that Lord Albert is in this house, but I have had a terrible dream. I dreamt that Madame Harvey stood over Lord Albert with a dagger upraised to strike him through the heart. Oh, it was terrible!" said Lenora, "though it was a dream."

"True, a dreadful dream, my child, but try to sleep again," urged Martha, whose heart had yielded to the gentle fascination of Lenora's splendid eyes and charming voice.

Lenora again sank back upon her pillows and closed her eyes, but Martha saw that her lips moved, and knew that she was praying for the protection of her noble lover.

Madame Harvey reached the door of her son's apartment just as he was approaching it after seeing that the earl and the knight needed no further attention.

"Before you sleep, my son," began she, as they met, but he interrupted her quickly in his harsh way, with—

"Sleep, mother? Do you think that I will attempt, can dare to sleep this night? Any moment may tell us that Cromwell's spies and Cromwell's cut-throats have learnt of our sheltering a brace of outlawed cavaliers. Sleep! not I, this night."

"Not sleep?" repeated Madame Harvey, with an air of vexation, while her eyes seemed fixed upon vacancy.

"Mother," said the dwarf, after gazing upon her face steadily, "You are ill. Your eyes seem vacant of expression, and you are trembling one instant and rigid in the next. Tell me what has happened to disorder you thus?"

"Louis," replied Madame Harvey, "I feel unusually agitated by the events of this night—will it never be day again?"

"In an hour or two," said the dwarf, with a smile. That is, it should be by the clock, although the fog may make it night for many hours."

"This girl—who is she? Tell me all—tell me the truth, Louis," exclaimed Madame Harvey, grasping his wrist. "And why is it that he, the Earl of Branchland, is here to-night?"

"The earl? I know nothing of him, save that he is here, and that he loves Lady Lenora. Would I knew less," answered the dwarf, with great bitterness. "I never saw him nor heard of him till this night."

"But the girl—who is she?"

"The daughter of Reginald Brame."

"And her mother—have you seen her?"

"She has told me that she has no mother," replied the dwarf.

"But she has told you that believing it to be true, for no doubt she was so informed by Reginald Brame. I do not think she would utter an untruth, knowing it to be so. Did she never speak of her mother or describe her to you, my son?"

"She told me that her mother must have died when she was very young, as she has no remembrance of her."

"And Reginald Brame? Describe him to me, Louis."

The dwarf, whose memory was keen and retentive, and whose talent for description was excellent, rapidly described the personal appearance, manners, general gestures, and attitudes of the alchemist, whom he had seen several times.

Madame Harvey listened with an interest which increased to trembling agitation as the dwarf proceeded; but when he concluded by saying,

"Ah, one thing more I remember, the last joint of his little finger—"

"Of his left hand is missing," interrupted Madame Harvey, in a faint voice. "It is he!" she thought. "It is Wild Redburn! And does he claim this girl as his child? The liar!"

Then, aloud, "You have been in his house—are there no women in it? Is there not one, a tall, thin, dark-eyed woman, white-haired, wrinkled, yet of a lofty, noble, and sometimes wild appearance?"

"Yes, mother. You have well described Mag Floss, as she is called," replied the dwarf, as he fixed his intelligent gaze upon his mother's agitated features.

"She lives yet! My heart did not deceive me," answered Madame Harvey, as she sank into a chair, overcome by her emotions.

"She! Whom do you mean?" asked the dwarf.

Madame Harvey did not reply. She covered her face with her hands, and as she sobbed convulsively, Louis heard these words:

"Lives yet! Poor Eleanor! My God, what must she not have suffered if her reason ever returned to her!" Then, aloud, as soon as she could command her speech: "My son, you have seen this unfortunate woman called Mag Floss, has she seen you?"

"Twice, mother, and fled from me with a scream of terror, or disgust, no matter which," replied the dwarf.

"I must see that woman, my son. I must rescue her from the power of Reginald Brame. You must aid me. Now good night. We will speak of this again."

And with these words Madame Harvey left the room, the dwarf remaining, as if petrified with amazement.

CHAPTER VIII.

ADVENTURES IN THE RED HOUSE.

WE must now return to the Red House, where we left King Charles under the strange guidance of Mag Floss, Blood descending the rope ladder, and the baffled Cromwell, holding his discharged pistol in his hand, watching the boat containing the fugitives as it sped over the Thames.

Cromwell, whose temper was violent when his desires were thwarted, no sooner lost sight of the boat in which Lenora and the cavaliers were escaping, than he grasped one of his followers by the arm, and cried:—

"Get thee to the lieutenant of the river guard, and bid him alarm the river! Here! bear with this pistol. He will recognize it as mine, and it will be thy warrant from my hand. Thou knowest where he is posted—away! The son of Charles Stuart is in that boat."

The soldier sprang away, was instantly lost in the fog and darkness, and the angry Protector, chafing with disappointment, ordered his remaining guards to follow him, and retraced his steps to the secret gate in the wall, where he found the alchemist awaiting him.

"There was a woman in the boat. Who was the traitress?" demanded Cromwell.

"A woman!" exclaimed Reginald, with feigned surprise and real anger, for he judged that Lenora had accompanied the cavaliers.

"Yes, a woman," said one of the soldiers, advancing; "and, as I saw her face, I can swear she was the young lady I saw in the shop of this man yesterday. The light flashed full on her face as she fitted the tiller to the rudder. A beauty she is!"

"Ah! Thou hearest, Reginald? Thy daughter, no doubt. Wore she a white dress and a scarlet hood, soldier?" said Cromwell.

"She did, my lord; and, thinking all traitors deserved death, I fired with steady aim at her, and I seldom miss my mark," replied the trooper—a tall, brutal-visaged fellow.

Reginald Brame darted but one glance at the speaker, but that glance doomed the soldier to sudden death. Whatever might be the relationship between him and Lenora, daughter or not, no one could harm her, or attempt to harm her, without incurring the fatal enmity of the alchemist.

There was one who saw that terrific flash of the alchemist's eye—the man Blair; and he, already depressed with his own well-founded fears, and seeing no chance to withdraw at the moment, stole behind the boaster, and whispered:—

"Stand by me, Allen, and I will stand by you; for if either of us live until morning, fortune is with us."

Allen turned in surprise, and would have replied, but Cromwell spoke:—

"Let us return into the house, Reginald, and see whom we have lost. Lead on; we follow!"

The alchemist paused for a moment to secure the gate, which was, in fact, a narrow door at the end of a passage running through the wall, and following it to where another door gave entrance into the rear of the Red House; the passage being built within the thick wall, and not more than two and a half feet wide.

"Aid me, soldier," said Reginald, addressing the one who had boasted so loudly of having shot Lenora. "Help me—turn this key—so; place your hand upon the handle, and we will turn it together; it is very rusty, my friend."

"Ay! but you have scratched my hand damnablely with your ring," growled the soldier, shaking his hand, and glancing at a sharp though slight cut upon the back of his hand.

"What is a scratch to a bold soldier who has just done the State noble service in shooting a traitress?" replied the alchemist, with grim irony. "The gate is fast, my lord. Please follow me in single file, as the passage is quite narrow."

The party had not followed him far when there was heard a groan, and then a cry from those in the rear.

"What now?" demanded Cromwell, halting.

"Allen has fallen in a fit," was the reply.

"Lift him as best you can," commanded Cromwell, "and bear him along. We will do what we can for him in the house."

"All the doctors in England cannot save him," thought Blair, shuddering. "I dare not say what I believe, though I have heard of Wild Redburn's poisoned blade which he wears in a ring. May the Lord carry me through unrecognised by that cruel devil in shape of man!"

When the party reached the house, and paused in the room into which the passage gave entrance, it was found that Allen was a corpse, the eyes staring wildly and the bearded lips dripping with the blood which foamed from his throat.

Blair cast one glance of horror upon the corpse, and as he raised his eyes they met the steady gaze of the alchemist.

"He suspects!" thought Blair. "Or has he recognised me?"

If the alchemist had recognised the unhappy man, there was no evidence of that suspected recognition upon his thin, haughty face, nor could Blair detect it in the glittering eyes which were ever full of fire and piercing.

But Reginald Brame's active brain had not been idle since he said to himself:—"That man has known me when my name was not Reginald Brame." His memory had been hard at work, delving and examining amid the many iniquities of his wicked career, hunting for some clue by which he might identify and recognise that rugged and war-stained visage; and it had flashed upon his cunning brain suddenly.

That face had been remarkable for its expression of terror, as it was then while gazing at the corpse of Allen, and upon some very similar occasion. Association quickens the memory, and as the alchemist watched the pale, awestruck features of the trembling soldier, he mentally exclaimed:—

"It is Cunningham, who was my servant when I poisoned the sexton."

What sexton? That remains to be told, but a sexton whose death, or rather whose murder had been demanded to ensure the success of Wild Redburn's schemes of avarice and revenge, and made one link in the great chain of crime which had so long bound the beautiful Lenora and the unfortunate Mag Floss in the power of the alchemist.

Cunningham had seen the deed and knew how it was done, and dreading least he, at some future day, might die as suddenly and as terribly as the sexton, the witness of another crime, had fled, changing his name to Blair, and finally becoming a soldier in the army of Cromwell.

The Protector gazed upon the body of his follower for a moment, and then said:—

"He was a bad man though a brave soldier, and as he was a brave soldier he shall have an honourable burial. Let the body remain where it is till morning, which cannot be far off. Sergeant, select two men to hold guard over it until they are relieved. Reginald Brame, see that the guard are provided with lights and refreshments. Sergeant, you will also detail four men to hold guard over the dead of our party in the court alley, and if any of the fallen still live have them conveyed into the house. But what means that clamour and clash of steel! Have we left any Royalists unearthened? Advance with the torches! That is Blood's voice! Rescue! Follow me!"

This alarm was the result of Blood's frightened descent of the rope ladder from that room in which he thought he had "seen the devil or the ghost of King Charles the First."

The soldier had almost flung his bulky form from the window, yet retained a firm hold upon the knotted ropes; and descending feet foremost had met with no impediment or accident until about half-way down, and just beneath a window of the second floor, when the rope ladder was grasped by a hand and drawn inward towards the window.

It was impossible at first to see more than the hand which grasped the ropes, and that was shone upon by a light from within, but Blood soon detected the flashing of a knife at work cutting the ladder.

He did not suppose that the fall could be far, perhaps not more than six or eight feet, but he knew that a paved yard was below, and that the concussion might seriously bruise, or maim, or perhaps break his neck.

(To be continued.)

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

In Paris the leading dressmakers are all busy making autumn toilettes, no longer for Calvados and its numerous small watering-places, but rather for Biarritz, where, as usual, the Empress's presence attracts the cream of our tourists.

As a provision for a change in the temperature (which may now be expected shortly), short costumes are made both darker and warmer than last month. As I then said that white predominated everywhere, so I can affirm with equal truth now that a marked preference is evinced for black. But skilful, well-directed taste maintains it up with so many bright colours, and in such a variety of ways, that black dresses no longer leave a sombre, monotonous impression. Without taking into consideration the paletots and petticoats that are embroidered with different coloured silks—a style much sought after by those who do not regard coarseness, and who always patronise the grand luxe—there is such a variety of trimmings and coloured gimps that black, with these additions, becomes truly elegant. Faille, or unwashed moire, still continues the popular material for jackets, paletots, redingotes, &c., and 'rouleaux' of coloured satin are now in such great request that they are to be purchased, ready made and of every shade, at most silk mercers' and trimming warehouses. Green, violet, and especially bouton d'or (a yellowish shade verging on orange), are the colours more particularly in vogue.

A toilette which the Empress ordered for walking on the shore when at Biarritz, was arranged as follows:—Silk skirt of the colour called bouton d'or, ornamented with embroidered flowers worked with black silk; the paletot is of black faille, and has square ends in front; the edges are cut so as to form a slightly waved line, and then edged with a rouleau of bouton d'or satin; there are revers in front and on the sleeves, which latter are coat-shaped; the costume is completed with a very small toque, bordered with a curly black feather, in which nestle at regular intervals small everlasting flowers or immortelles, made in tulle or gold. The short costume prevails at Biarritz for morning promenades, but in the afternoon some long skirts are to be seen looped up in many different ways; sometimes at the side, with a large rosette made of the same material as the dress, sometimes with satin ornaments cut out in the form of dahlias; other skirts are caught up in a graceful, irregular manner by means of either gimp or embroidered buttons with a small piece of flossy fringe depending from them; the newest of this variety of ornaments are composed of gilt rings, two of which are fastened to the waistband, and two larger rings are attached to them, and then a third ring still larger follows the centre ones; this last one is double the size of the first two, and of sufficient circumference to allow the train skirt to be passed through it. These rings made of plain dead gold are very effective on black silk dresses; they are also manufactured in jet, in oxidised silver, in steel, and even in gimp, the same colour as the dress; but metal is preferable, for the material soon rubs the gimp shabby. It is probable that these rings will take a prominent place in the accessories of the toilette, for the fact is obvious that no very ornamental plan has been hit upon up to the present time for looping up gracefully a train-skirt.

Among the many new shapes in outdoor coverings which are being put forward for autumn wear, it is not difficult to foresee that the paletot with four square ends, and the redingote will be the favourites. Neither is exactly novel, as both were tried last year; but there are certain shapes which take a considerable time to acclimatise, and then curiously enough they have a long reign. The redingote is made short rather than long this autumn. It has revers, is buttoned at the side; and the back is full, causing it to differ widely from the paletot, the back of which is always plain.

The Marie Antoinette fichu is most patronised by young ladies for outdoor wear; it is called a mantelet, and the ends, which cross in front, are tied at the back; consequently they are cut very long. When made of the same material as the dress, these mantelets are most appropriate and simple for the present season. Some few are made of black silk, and trimmed with narrow flounces, corded with colour, reminding us of the style worn during Louis XVI.'s reign. There is little doubt but that flounces are again "coming in," for extremely narrow ones are to be seen on thin evening dresses, and some about three inches deep round skirts, which are worn under redingotes. These facts announce their return, and now that skirts have assumed more reasonable proportions, there is no doubt that flounces will be welcome.

My readers probably desire to know what shape bonnets are likely to assume this autumn, but, much as I regret to write it, November must be ushered in before anything definite will be decided on. The small fanchon, or triangular shape, is repeated until one is weary, and from all I can gather it is likely to be worn for some considerable time to come. Very pretty bonnets of tulle and velvet mixed are now made, grey and pink being the favourite contrast, but no colour and no mixture ever approached the popularity of the Bismarck brown. When Bismarck velvet is introduced on tulle bonnets, very exquisite and small wreaths of plantain are used for trimming them. These are quite novel; the pointed leaves are copied in Bismarck velvet, and the fruit is represented a rich golden brown, but also in velvet; the wreath crosses the front of the bonnet and a spray is carried and sewn down to each lace string; the effect is truly pretty.—*Queen*.

GOLDEN HAIR.

The very golden hair so beloved by the poets and painters of old is rising in value every day, and we are really puzzled to know from what source it is obtained; speaking generally, the major portion of it comes from the northern parts of Europe, where this coloured hair, or rather light hair, greatly predominates. The only northern country that seems to possess it is Venice, or rather it did in the time of the great artists of the past. Giorgione and Titian rarely painted a female head of another colour; Rubens, still later, indulged in this colour, but in this he merely copied the fair locks of the Flemings, who are still famous for the beauty of their golden hair. We do not know if in Venice the same hair is still to be found, or whether, it having possibly been a foreign introduction, it has not disappeared by reason of the mingling of races. The beauty of golden hair by no means depends upon its colour; its quality also far surpasses any other. It is so beautifully fine that a head of hair of this colour contains nearly twice as many individual hairs as are found in a red head. The gradation in bulk, in fact, regularly progresses from the blonde, the most delicate and flowing, to brown, black, and red—the coarsest of all hairs. The flexibility of the fair hair gives that artistic and kindly sweep which the painter loves to depict. The very yellow hair comes from the Low Countries; it is a very different thing from the saffron-tinted, disagreeable-looking colour we see in the shop-windows shown as specimens of the result of using dye. The deadness that always distinguishes these wretched attempts to produce artificially this much-coveted colour is but too apparent. A woman must be wick indeed, or the veriest slave to fashion, who submits to these vile tricks of the hair doctors; and when once the dyeing process has been accomplished, the man or woman is for ever after the slave of the dye. For inasmuch as the hair grows from the root, and so, like a vegetable growth, from its free extremity, of course the dye must be applied day by day, otherwise the hair next the scalp will be of a totally different colour from that on the other portion of the head. Thus the poor devotee of fashion, or of vanity, in an evil moment places his or her charms, or the counterfeits of them, completely at the mercy of the hairdresser and his worthless nostrums.—*Cassell's Magazine*.

LITERATURE.

"Ireland before the Union; with Extracts from the Unpublished Diary of John Scott, LL.D., Earl of Clonmell. A Sequel to the Sham Squire and the Informers of 1798." By W. J. Fitzpatrick, J.P. Dublin: W. B. Kelly, 8, Grafton-street. London: John Camden Hotten, Piccadilly.

This book describes its contents in its preface. The author says:—

"It will be observed that in part of the present work I have once more raised the troubled spirit of the 'Sham Squire.' In dealing with the hitherto undivulged incidents of his life, I yield to the suggestion of some of my critics who expressed a wish that I should give them the result of further explorations in the same dark region. I have renewed acquaintance with the Squire, not, it is obvious, from any dearth of materials, for the Cullen MS. alone fills fifteen hundred folios. The latter papers, descriptive of curious episodes in the Rebellion, gathered from oral sources by the late Luke Cullen, a Carmelite monk, have been unconditionally placed at my disposal by the respected Prior of Mount St. Joseph, Clondalvin; but, for reasons elsewhere stated, I have scantily consulted them."

The volume includes a portfolio of broadsides, papers, official records, traditional memoranda, and even dying depositions, for the fuller and more authentic illustration of a previous narrative, which has enjoyed an extraordinary amount of public favour. It seems to us that no earthly use at the present time can result in revealing the darker pages of Ireland's history, and we submit that it would have reflected credit on Mr. Fitzpatrick had he kept his MS. in his bureau instead of placing it in the hands of his printer.

"The History and Antiquities of Selby, in the West Riding of the County of York." By W. Wilberforce Morrell. (Selby, Bellerby; London, Whitaker and Co.)

Four hundred and seventy years had the Abbey of Selby flourished, when it shared in the common dissolution of the "religious houses," concerning which Mr. Morrell has the following apt remark:—

"It is important to remember, that the dissolution of these houses was an act of the State, prior to the Reformation, by a King and Parliament of the Roman Catholic communion in almost all points except the supremacy, and was confirmed by Queen Mary and her Parliament; and that very few Catholics wrote against the dissolution of the houses, some, both of their clergy and laity, the Duke of Norfolk even, accepting grants of their lands. At the passing of the bill, twenty of the mitred abbots were present in Parliament, yet none of them voted against it at any of its stages. The value of the one hundred and eighty-six great monasteries at the dissolution was estimated at £120,000 per annum, of which, excepting those at the universities, thirty-eight only were of larger amount than that of Selby."

"Wanderings of a Naturalist in India." By A. L. Adams. (Edinburgh, Edmonston and Douglass.)

The following curious custom prevails during the summer months:—

"Children are placed on straw beds, generally covered over, and put beneath a small stream, which is made to play upon the temple by means of a piece of bark shaped like a water-spout. In any shady spot one or two children may be seen undergoing this ordeal, while their mothers are toiling in the adjacent field. Natives have informed me that the children soon get accustomed to this treatment, falling asleep when placed under the stream, and awakening so soon as the water ceases to play on their temples. Although many are said to die from this novel hardening system, it must be confessed that a healthier race than the survivors are not to be anywhere met with. It is a study for a painter to mark the fair mother bending over her little child as it lies in some shady bower, formed of pomegranates, wild fig and acacia, wreathed with woodbine and the many gorgeous exotics of that region in all their wild luxuriance and beauty."

Dr. Adams had opportunities in India, the sub-Himalayas and Cashmere, of studying wild animals (the cobra di capella, for one) in a tame state, and domestic animals in their wild state; but he does not appear to have made much use of his opportunities. He might have replaced conjectures by certitude respecting the methods by which the cobra is taught to dance. Information about wild sheep and wild dogs would be most welcome, and could not fail to be useful; and there is probably much more to be learnt respecting them than he tells us,—that the wild sheep is nearly as foul a feeder as a pig, and the wild dog easily won to friendliness with man.

"The Champagne Country." By Robert Tomes. (New York, Hurd and Houghton; London, Low and Co.)

As Consular Agent, Mr. Tomes tells us that his "chief duty was to receive thirteen francs and fifty centimes for signing my name and stamping a portentous seal of office upon each invoice of wine exported from Rheims to the United States." In doing this he frankly styles himself as "consular extortioner," for whose presence in that city there is no necessity. The stamp and signature legitimised the invoices, and how this profited the health and pockets of the transatlantic people to whom the precious merchandise was consigned, the following extract will significantly show:—

"All wine that comes even from Champagne is by no means genuine. There are manufacturers there who fabricate wines from grapes never grown in the district which alone produces the real fruit. These will sell their concoctions at three or four dollars a dozen, give them as jaunty a look in bottle as the choicest Cliquet or Consular Seal, and call them by any name the purchaser may fancy within the limit of the law. These same artificers, of exhaustless ingenuity, will make to order not only champagne, but wine and spirits of any kind and country. When consular agent at Rheims, I legalized many an invoice of 'Madeira,' 'Sherry,' 'Port,' 'fine old Cognac,' and the 'best Holland Gin,' and of all sorts of liquors, 'Chartreuse,' 'Curacao,' and 'Kirsch,' exported to the United States from Epervan, by an expert manufacturer of that place. I had reason to believe that within his extensive premises he had brought together the vinous powers of production of the whole world, and could, without travelling beyond his own walls, summon at his call the rich cordial of the Alps, the fiery spirit of the Low Countries, the wine of the Cape, the liqueur of the Antilles, or the products of any other quarter of the globe. In fact, it is no secret in Champagne that this ingenious and wealthy manufacturer, whose success has been commensurate with his wondrous enterprise, has virtually abolished all the geographical divisions of the earth, and, recognizing their diversity only in name and idea, produces within his own inclosure any wine, spirit, or liqueur a customer may demand. I know by name his agent in the United States, and I would no more think of drinking of his vari-coloured bottles than I would of those of an apothecary's shop."

THREE Throws a Penny, Wise and Pound Foolish.—We hear that a certain noble lord has, from long practice, acquired the skill of hurling missiles at the head of Anat Sally with such fatal precision, that he has obtained the sobriquet of "The Enterprising Impresario-Sally-sh!"—*Fun*.

PARIS EXHIBITION.—Gentlemen, before starting for the Continent, should go to JONES & Co's, 73, Long Acre, and purchase one of their Half-Guinea Hats (the Hamilton), new shape, which, for style and durability cannot be equalled.—JONES & Co. Manufacturers, 73, Long Acre.—[ADVT.]

THE GARDEN.

HARDY FRUIT GARDEN.

I REGRET to see that, notwithstanding your able editorial advice, regarding injury caused by the removal of perfect leaves from strawberry plants which have fruited, many amateurs continue the old, old practice of cutting all away indiscriminately. Whilst it is absolutely necessary to remove all suckers, as often as they crop out, and is advantageous to remove all decayed leaves or such as are of no further use, good sound fibre-sustaining ones must receive every possible encouragement, in order duly to elaborate and to aid in storing away all the strength necessary to the formation of a good large crown ready to push forth robustly next spring. Peaches and nectarines will now be ripening, and insects will persevere in their attacks, more especially on the ripest and best-flavoured. In order to annoy them in their lurking-places, keep the hoe and rake moving frequently along the bottom of the walls. Earwigs are best entrapped in bean-stalks, as previously directed; wasps may be enticed into bottles with water sweetened with honey or sugar, or under a hand-glass baited with over-ripe fruit, another being placed over it, a hole in the top of the lower one forming an easy communication between the lower to the upper. Wall fruit acquires a higher flavour by exposure to the direct rays of the sun than it does under glass, unless the season is unusually wet and unless. When the fruit is gathered the trees should be gone over, and if they are crowded with succession shoots, some portion of the wood that has just borne may be removed in order to benefit the succession of shoots.

HARDY FLOWER GARDEN.

Polyanthus beds or edgings should now be formed, as they move well at this season. It will be well not to delay it too long, however, as the roots ought to resume a slight activity before winter sets in, in order duly to establish themselves. Take up layers of carnations and picotees, and pot them forthwith into 60-sized pots; two in a pot, placed at opposite sides, is the best way. Expose them freely to sun and air for some time to come. Good loam, leaf-mould, and road-drift will suit them well, with efficient drainage. Beds should not be formed of these much later than this; proceed, therefore, with the operation as quickly as possible. Elevate the bed formed for them slightly above the level of the surrounding soil; pat it firmly over, and fix the plants firmly therein. Pick and hoe over pansy beds frequently, in order to entirely free them from weeds. Press the soil firmly around the plants when necessary, duly to fix them firmly in the soil after blistering windy weather. Should the seedling plants of myosotis, silene, saponaria, &c., become too strong in anticipation of standing severe frosts, it will be best to transplant the larger ones, an operation which will imbue them with greater hardihood.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Here past "directions" must be attended to. Continue earthing celery. Prick out succession cauliflowers, endive, and lettuce plants as the succession seed-beds afford respectively plants in a proper state for handling. Get in the main crop of potatoes with as little delay as possible, as the moist weather we are experiencing tends greatly to further the ill-effects of the disease, with which they are, I fear, too generally smitten this season. Continue to thin out the various sowings of spinach. It will be well to draw a little soil, where convenient, up to the stems of late planted broccoli. Every possible assistance should be given these, to duly encourage the best growth possible under the circumstances.—*W. E. in the Gardener's Chronicle*.

THE PERSIAN ARMY.

THE Persian army consists of two distinct forces: the "regular" troops, disciplined after the system of European armies; and the "irregular" troops, who are only called out in case of emergency. It is to the military genius of France that Persia owed the idea of having a "regular" army. The first Napoleon, when he resolved upon taking Persia under his auspices, despatched several officers of intelligence thither with the mission of 1803. These commenced operations with considerable success, and when English influence became supreme, the Persian Government requested that the work might be continued. Accordingly, the duty of organising a force was entrusted to Major Christie and Lieutenant Lindsay, of the Indian army, who accompanied Sir John Malcolm to the Court of Teheran; and these officers performed their functions with great ability.

The regular army of Persia is composed of infantry and artillery. The former consists of a body-guard, mostly in garrison at Teheran, or wherever the Shah happens to be; and of the provincial battalions, who are generally quartered in the principal towns and cities. The infantry are all armed in the same way, but there is a variation in the costume. The body-guard wear white trousers, large and gathered, a red vest, with blue sleeves and collars; while the vests of the provincial troops are of various colours.

Of the Persian army, the artillery is said to be the best disciplined portion. This force is provided with very fine field-pieces and with ammunition-waggons, generally well horsed. But, Persia being a mountainous country, the necessity of having a special corps of artillery capable of moving about easily, and going anywhere, ere long became clear; and this corps, which is not numerous, is provided with small pieces of cannon, of three or four inches calibre, placed upon a sort of pivot, and borne by camels. These animals being able to pass through all the bad, mountainous roads, the artillery is enabled to reach any place where its services may be required. It is a corps analogous to that which has been created in the French army for requirements of a similar nature in Algeria, where the artillery is borne on the backs of mules, and where they employ also small howitzers, called mountain howitzers.

As for the irregular portion of the Persian army, it is only seen on extraordinary occasions, or when a war renders it necessary to call out all the military forces of the country. Among these irregular troops, which sometimes comprise a considerable though undisciplined number of combatants, there are the Tufekdjis, or foot fusiliers, and the cavalry. In a country like Persia, where every man is accustomed from infancy to the use of arms and to ride on horseback, it is easy to conceive that these volunteers may become a real force at any given moment. They are moreover brave, clever in the use of their arms; and, although they may be without discipline or military instruction, as it is understood in Europe, their division into families or tribes, furnishes them, nevertheless, with a spirit of cohesion, which compensates, up to a certain point, for what a European commander might regret to find wanting in them.

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD'S DEFENCE.—I am accused of criticising my fellow labourers, as if such a practice were not common in other departments of journalism. Are editors never guilty of criticising editors, essayists of criticising essayists, and novelists of criticising novelists? In a well-conducted literary journal, who is it that gets the special book to review—the man who knows nothing of the subject, or the man who has made it the study of half a life? Is such a man in such a case to be governed by a false etiquette, not very improving to himself, and certainly very injurious to the public, and to refuse the task imposed upon him by an editor who selects him for his special knowledge? I am not aware that I have ever set myself up above my critical brethren. I make no claim to be anything but a mere dramatic reporter, and I certainly have no extravagant notion of the importance of my department of journalism. The dramatic reporter of the present day has to chronicle a vast deal of small-beer that has no very elevating effect upon the spirits.—*Broadway, No. 11*.



VIEW OF THE CITY AND PORT OF MELLILA.

NAVAL COURTS MARTIAL.

FIRST-LIEUT. JAMES LINDSEY MACCALL, R.M.L.I. (1864), in charge of the detachment of marines on board H.M.S. Cambridge, was tried last week by court-martial on board the Royal Adelaide for drunkenness. It was proved that he had been met in the street in a state of intoxication by three of his brother officers, who had taken charge of him, conveyed him to his quarters, and reported him as drunk. The prisoner pleaded guilty, and stated in mitigation that he was in plain clothes at the time he was arrested, that the day was hot, and that he had drunk "about three glasses of ale, a glass of champagne, and three glasses of brandy." The Court, taking into consideration these *circumstances attenuantes*, viewed Lieutenant Maccall's case so leniently that they only adjudged him to lose two years' seniority, and to return to his corps with a reprimand. When we recall to mind the numerous cases of drunkenness which have been punished by dismissal from the service in the case of officers, and by long terms of imprisonment in the case of non-commissioned officers and men, we cannot but express surprise at the leniency shown to Lieutenant Maccall. Captain Napier, of the Canopus, was president of the Court which tried the prisoner. Its other members were—Captains C. C. Forsyth, Valorous; W. R. Rolland, Lord Warden; J. Bythoes, V.C., Phoebe; and Commander C. D. Lucas, Indus.

WHICH IS CORRECT.—Who shall decide when journals disagree? The *Orchestra* says:—"Mdlle. Tietjens is in Paris. Mr. Mapleson is in Paris." The *Musical World*, an equally well-informed paper says:—"Mdlle. Tietjens is in London. Mr. Mapleson is in London."—Query, where are Mdlle. Tietjens and Mr. Mapleson?

VIEWS OF CEUTA AND OF THE CITY AND PORT OF MELLILA.

The city of Ceuta stands at the foot of Mount Abala, immediately opposite Gibraltar, from which it is about fourteen miles distant, and is a kind of rival to that celebrated fortress. The city extends over the tongue of land nearest the continent. The citadel occupies Mount del Ache. In the Legioning of the eighth century Ceuta was occupied by the Goths, and afterwards by the Arabs, who made it their point of departure in their expeditions into Spain. In 1415 it passed into the possession of the Portuguese, and in 1578 into that of Spain, by whom it is still retained. Ceuta contains a garrison of about two thousand men. The free population amount to only about six thousand inhabitants. Here is the Gibel Zaterit, or "Monkeys' Promontory," from whence, so fable tells us, there is a subterranean passage to Gibraltar, by which the monkeys keep up a visiting acquaintance between each point. On the adjacent mainland is the port of Mellila, also belonging to Spain, from whence are supposed to come our Mellila cigars. Views of both these ports are here given.

The Diastatized Organic Iron and the Diastatized Organic Iodine are now fully appreciated by the English public as a pleasant and efficient mode of taking iron and iodine. Unhoped-for cures have been effected in a number of cases in which the other preparations of iron or iodine have been found incapable of being supported by the patients. Thanks and testimonials are received every day from all parts. In fact, these medicines, under their pleasant form, are found the most efficient.—Sold by all chemists, 2s. 9d. per bottle. Take note of Dr. Victor Baud's signature on the Government stamp, without which none are genuine.—[ADVT.]

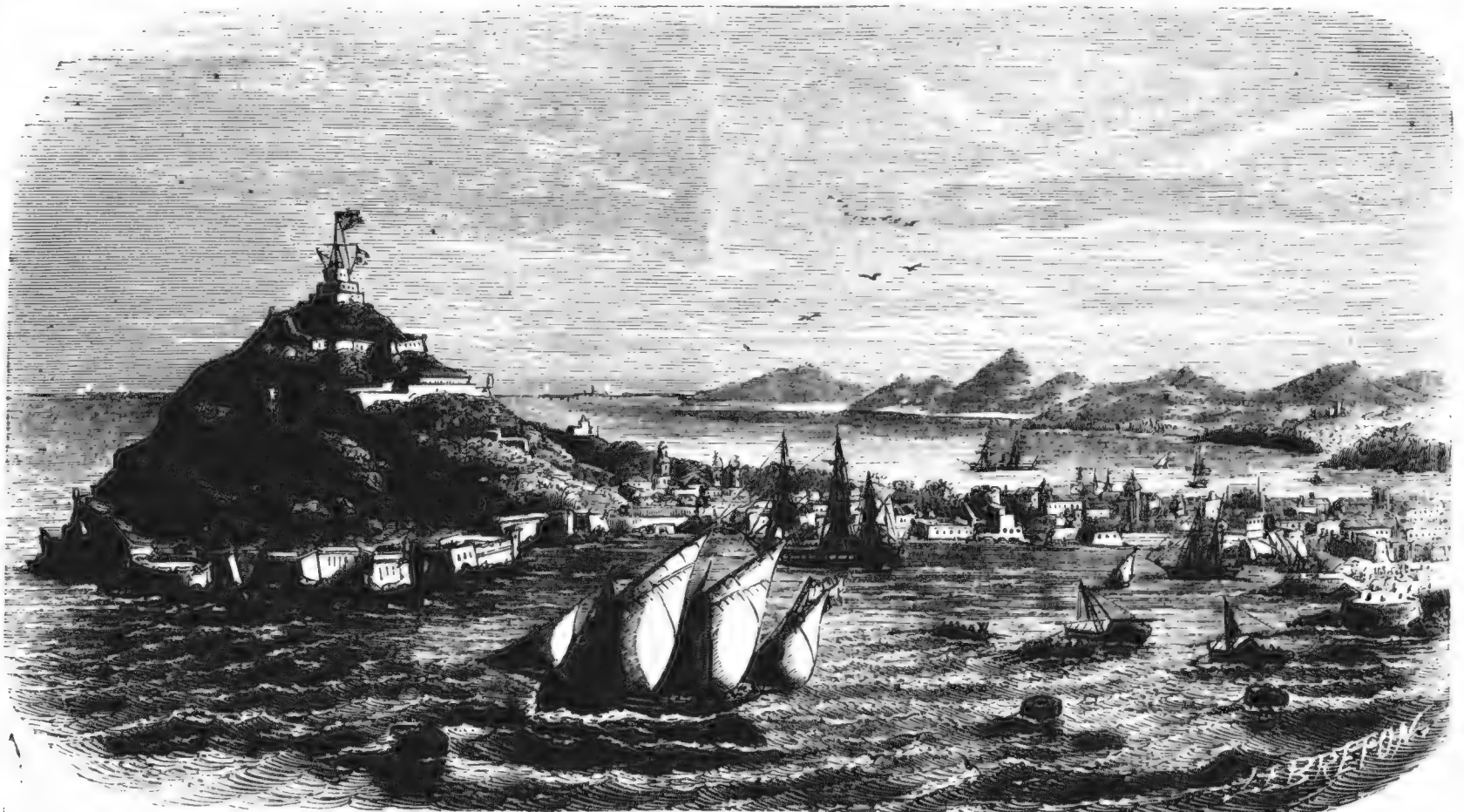
PROCESSION OF STATE OFFICERS AT CAIRO.

THE recent visit of the Viceroy of Egypt to this country is still looked upon with considerable interest. On page 537 we give an illustration of a State procession on its rounds through the streets of Cairo. These are of very common occurrence, and the trappings of the horses are the principal feature of attraction to the natives.

AUTHORS AND EMPERORS.—The *Times* has been requested to publish the following announcement:—Numerous books and other publications have been lately presented by foreign authors directly to his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, contrary to existing regulations, the Austrian Embassy is desired by the Great Chamberlain's Office in Vienna to state publicly, that no work of art or science can be presented to his Majesty without a previous permission being obtained through the Imperial Embassy.

RIGHT AT LAST.—After having unsuccessfully tried at a great expense every other means of keeping the road from Piculico to Pall-Mall in repair, the managers of the road, whoever they may be, have at last bethought them of the obvious expedient of covering the road towards evening with a fresh layer of granite, broken small, and rolling it smooth during the night with a heavy steam roller. The result has been to form, in a very short time, an excellent hard surface.

CARDS FOR THE MILLION.—A Copper-Plate Engraved (and style), and Fifty Best Cards Printed, with Card Case included, for 2s. Sent post free by ARTHUR GRANGER, the noted Cheap Stationer 308, High Holborn, and the New Borough Bazaar, 95, S.E.—ADVT.]



VIEW OF CEUTA.

THE VISIT OF MR. DICKENS TO AMERICA.

THE *New York Herald*, in anticipation of the visit of Mr. Dickens, is re-publishing, under the head of "The National Uprising of Flunkeydom in 1842," accounts from various copies of the *Herald* of that year of Mr. Dickens' reception in New York, Boston, and other places. One must smile to find the organ of flunkeyism rebuking flunkeyism by re-publications of flunkey reports; but, nevertheless, it is with wonder that one reads the accounts of the extraordinary capers of Americans in and out of office. Mr. Dickens was overwhelmed with *tableaux* suggested by his own works; with "orders of dancing" embodying titles taken from his novels and sketches; confronted everywhere with scenery originally inspired by himself; such a feeding of Dickens with Dickens, in short, as only a Yankee snob could have devised.

For the "Dickens ball" of the 14th February, 1842, a committee of "best citizens," including prominent city officials, recommended, among various things of similar character, an "order of dances and *tableaux vivants*" of which the following is part:—

1. Grand March.
2. Tableau Vivant, "A Sketch, by Boz."
3. Amillie Quadrille.
4. Tableau Vivant, "The Seasons," a poem, with music.
5. Quadrille Waltz, selections.
6. Tableau Vivant, the book of "Oliver Twist."
7. Quadrille March, "Norma."
8. Tableau Vivant, "The Ivy Green."
9. Victoria Waltz.
10. Tableau Vivant, "Little Nell."
11. Basket Quadrille.
12. Tableau Vivant, the book of "Nicholas Nickleby."
13. March.
14. Tableau Vivant, "A Sketch," by Boz.
15. Spanish Dance.
16. Tableau Vivant, "The Pickwick Papers."

It is, perhaps, well to remark that "Mrs. Leo Hunter's dinner

IMPROVEMENT OF THE NAVY.

OF all the steps which have been adopted of late years for the improvement of the *morale* of our navy none have been so successful as the establishment of canteen recreation and reading-rooms on board our larger men-of-war, where the seamen can amuse and enjoy themselves without being driven ashore to the temptations which formerly surrounded them in the slums of the seaports at which they happened to be stationed. A writer in the *Times* gives the following account of a visit in October last to the Duke of Wellington receiving ship at Portsmouth:—

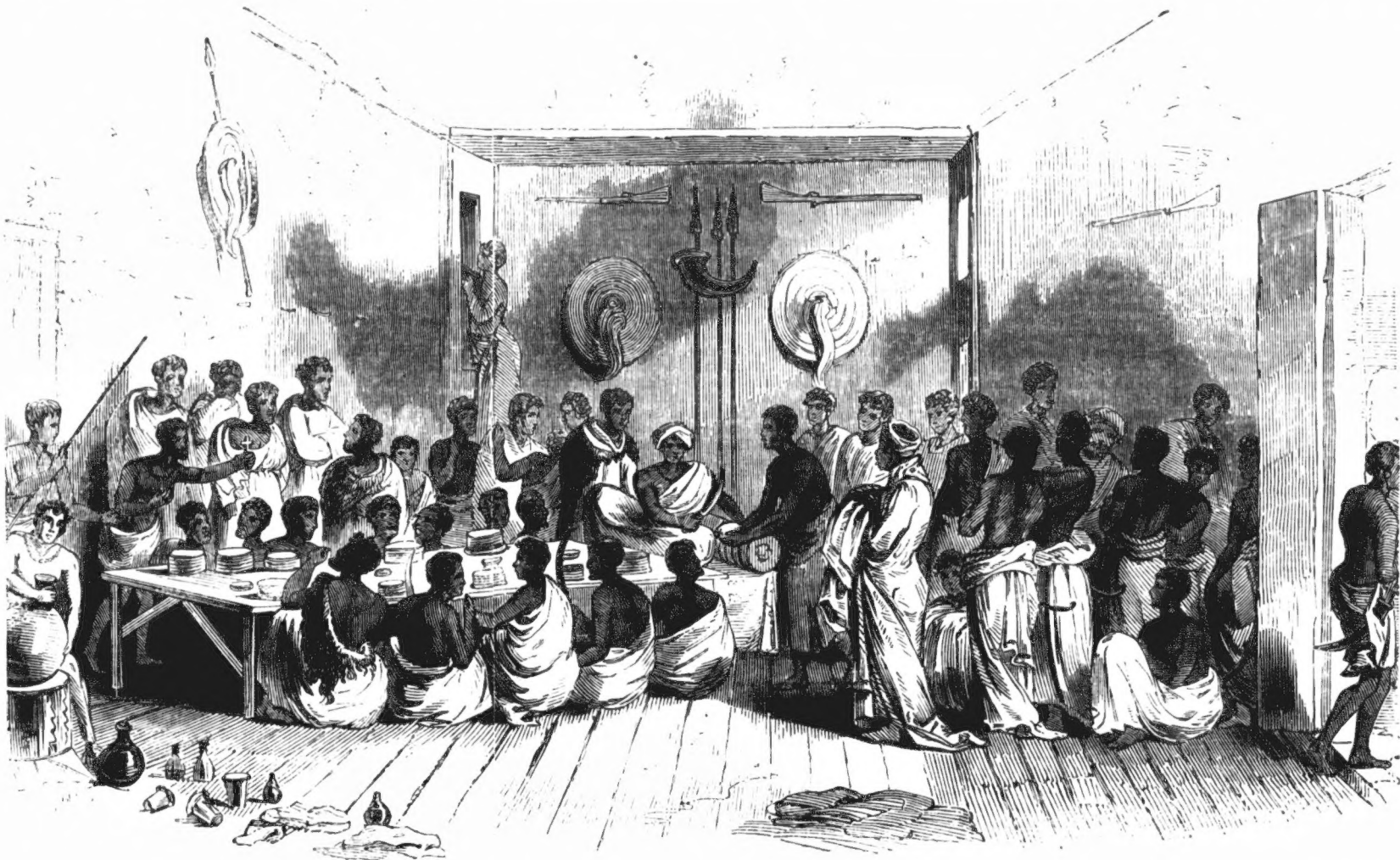
"We found the canteen open on the main deck, with men footing it merrily forward to the sound of the violin and tambourine, others smoking and looking on gravely and critically at their shipmates' gymnastic doings, the seats around the tables on which games of various kinds were being played all filled, and lookers-on and would-be players standing round, waiting their turn, the 'reading-room' with upwards of a hundred men seated at its tables, some wading slowly and thoughtfully through the leading articles of a newspaper, and others deeply absorbed in the pages of *All the Year Round*, or any other periodical that luckily came to hand in turn. Over all this was a blaze of light from numerous lamps, giving a sense of comfort and warmth on a cold, damp October evening; and through all was an evident decorum of manner pervading the rough fellows' enjoyment of their pipe and their beer, their dance, their games of backgammon, chess, the races, &c., and their conning over the contents of the newspapers and periodicals. There was no doubt then of the complete success of the scheme, but a twelvemonth's experience has proved its success to a much greater extent than was then anticipated, and it now stands a self-supporting and permanent institution on board the seamen's receiving ship in Portsmouth harbour, and must remain so if supported and encouraged by those in power. No man contributes any sum, however trifling, towards the cost of the newspapers, periodicals, or the games on the recreation tables. The whole thing, as we have already observed, is self-supporting,

A USE FOR SOILED POSTAGE STAMPS.

WHEN Sir Rowland Hill set on foot the penny postage he little thought that he was laying the foundation of a bridge over which tens of thousands of little Chinese boys and girls would toddle into heaven. A correspondent of the *Weekly Register*, by name John Good, writes to that paper, in answer to an inquiry as to the use to which defaced postage stamps can be put, to say that a good nun once told him that for every single defaced postage stamp collected and sent to China, a Chinese child is brought to Baptism; and that ever since the good nun told him this, he has been diligently collecting defaced English postage stamps where-with to save sinful little Chinese souls. Why the Chinese should bring their children to be baptised on receipt of a defaced postage stamp the good nun did not explain to Mr. John Good; but that gentleman says that if anybody wishes to know he will make further inquiry about the matter. Mr. John Good lives at Oranmore.

DRINKING IN IRELAND.

FROM a special report prepared for the General Assembly of Ulster it appears that the consumption of all kinds of intoxicating drinks, which had previously been declining every year, has been steadily increasing in Ireland since 1863. An increase is shown by these statistics in the consumption of home-made spirits of 655,317 gallons in 1866 over 1863. The Commissioners of Inland Revenue bear out this statement in their tenth report. "There has been an increase," they say, "in each part of the United Kingdom, but it is remarkable that it has been far greater in Ireland than either England or Scotland—greater, indeed, than in both of those countries together." In Ireland the consumption of 1866 exceeded that of 1865 by no less than 361,013 gallons. The proportionate increase in England, according to the same authority, was, in the year, 0.544 per cent.; in Scotland, 3.44 per cent.; and in Ireland, 8.68 per cent. In colonial and foreign



AN ABYSSINIAN SOCIAL COUNCIL.

party" was presented among the *tableaux*, as finally amended. The following report of an actual incident of the ball reads like an extract from the account of the manner in which Martin Chuzzlewit "received" the American sovereigns at the "National Hotel":—"As Boz approached, Mr. Philip Hone seized his hand, and said, 'My dear sir, here is a handful of our people—right glad—bright eyes—rejoice—heartfelt welcome—can't express—overpowered—feelings'—to all which Boz most graciously bowed, and placed his hand upon his heart; and then Mr. Hone said, 'nine cheers,' and, evidently to the astonishment of the hero of the extraordinary scene, the surrounding crowd gave utterance to nine enthusiastic cheers.

THE GOVERNESS MARKET.—"A Clergyman," addressing the editor of the *Times*, points out to the governesses that the home market for their talents is overstocked, and that they must seek the foreign and colonial markets, or betake themselves to some other culling for a livelihood. He recently inserted an advertisement in the papers for a governess to instruct young children, stipulating that applicants should be Englishwomen, between the ages of twenty and thirty. No less than 250 applications for the situation were forwarded to him.

A CURIOUS SUGGESTION.—"Winchelsea and Nottingham" makes a startling proposal. His lordship wishes the line of the Thames Embankment to be garnished with statues of the worthies of England—simply treated—in bronze; and he thinks that to conquer a place in such an array will be striven for in future, as now is the Victoria Cross. Has Lord Winchelsea, in making this suggestion, well weighed the probable result? Who are the worthies whom he desires to immortalize, and who are the sculptors by whom their immortality is to be achieved? Until he furnishes us with a satisfactory list of both we earnestly entreat the chairman of the Metropolitan Board to adopt the alternative which Lord Winchelsea deprecates, and to let us have really good gas lamps instead of doubtful British worthies, fearfully and wonderfully modelled, on the piers of the embankment.

and it is managed in this wise. The beer is supplied in casks from some brewery on shore at the trade price, and is retailed to the men at the ordinary retail price. The profit on the beer sold is placed in a fund in charge of the captain of the ship as treasurer, and this fund supplies newspapers, periodicals, and games. In all matters of expenditure from this fund Captain Fellows has always taken the opinion of the men as expressed to him by the petty officers of the first class."

AN INNOCENT SECRETARY.—Robert Barker, the secretary of the Manchester Brickmakers' Union, on being called to account for having destroyed the cash book of the society, explained that he did so in consequence of "the ungentlemanlike proceedings" of the Commission of Inquiry. The officers of the Commission seized the society's boxes and safes, a proceeding which so disgusted Mr. Barker that he put his cash book in the fire. "If they had come like gentlemen and asked for it, he would have given it with pleasure," and after having made this admission, Mr. Barker was actually so simple as to express surprise when he heard that his expenses for attendance could not be allowed to him.

THE LADY SWINDLER.—A curious question arose during the examination into the charges against Miss Geraldine Meurice, the "lady swindler." The interesting culprit stood at the bar of the police court closely veiled. Several tradesmen who had been defrauded by "lady swindlers" requested that she might be required to unveil, that they might judge whether she was the person by whom they had been victimised. Mr. Tyrwhitt is reported to have replied that he "did not think he could interfere with the lady's veil, but that they might look at her when she was leaving the court." If this report be correct, we conceive that Mr. Tyrwhitt was wrong. Why should a prisoner at the bar of public justice be permitted to conceal her features by swathing them in crape or gauze because she is "a lady swindler" and has operated on jewelers and dressmakers, when a swindler of a more vulgar type would certainly not be permitted to establish a similar claim to privacy?

spirits the increased Irish consumption in 1865 over 1864 was 37,090 gallons. The growing consumption of imported ales and beer, a comparatively new class of drinks in Ireland, is equally remarkable. The porters brewed in Ireland are chiefly exported, and the favourite drinks are English ales; and it is estimated that the export and import pretty nearly balance. There is a large yearly increase in both. In wines the same result is found. In 1865 there was an increase of 122,217 gallons over 1864, and over 1863 of 168,218 gallons.

MARSHAL BAZAINE AND THE MEXICANS.—A private circular addressed by Marshal Bazaine to the officers under his orders, bearing date October, 1865, and expressly based on Maximilian's decree of the 3rd of that very month, has been published. It fully accounts for the fate of that unfortunate monarch. After enumerating the deeds of Juarez's party, the Marshal says:—"After these savage acts, revenge becomes a necessity and a duty. All these bandits, including their commanders, have been outlawed by the Imperial decree of the 3rd of October, 1865. I beg you to make known to the troops under your orders that I do not allow prisoners to be made. Every individual, whoever he be, taken with arms in his hands, will be put to death. No exchange of prisoners will be made in future. Our soldiers understand that they cannot deliver themselves up into the hands of such adversaries. It is war to the death—a sanguinary battle between barbarism and civilisation. Both sides must kill or be killed.—BAZAINE. N.B.—This circular is not to be copied into the book of orders, and is only to be given to the officers."

JUST OUT, STEAM ENGINES (Patent), price 1s. 6d. each, of horizontal construction, manufactured entirely of metal fitted with copper boiler, steam pipe, furnace, &c., complete. Will work for hours if supplied with water and fuel. Sent carriage free, safely packed in wooden case, for 24 stamps.—TAYLOR BROTHERS, 21, Norfolk-road, Essex-road, Islington, London. Established 1859. —[ADVT.]

LAW AND POLICE.

ROBBERIES ON THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—On Saturday, at a special sitting in petty sessions, held at the Town Hall, Bishop Stortford, three men were charged with stealing a bundle of leather and two trunks of drapery from the Norwich luggage train on the night of the 29th of August. The case appeared to excite considerable interest. The learned counsel in stating the case, said that the robbery had been most ingeniously committed, and must have been participated in by some one who was well acquainted with the company's premises and line of railway. It would appear that on the night of the 29th of August a luggage train left the Brick-lane goods station, in charge of a guard of the name of Robert Smith, and among the trunks in his care was one numbered 7,582, into which two bundles of leather for Messrs. Willis and Southall, one truss of drapery for J. W. Caley, and only one truss of drapery for Willett, Nephew, and Co., all of Norwich, were loaded. It had been covered with the sheet belonging to it, which was closely and securely fastened down. After leaving Stratford the train did not stop till it reached Bishop Stortford, where the guard went round and looked it carefully over. All was then perfectly secure, and at a quarter before ten it proceeded on its way to the next stopping-place, Cambridge. On arriving there he found that the sheet upon truck 7,582 had been slit all along with a knife, and certain goods extracted, though he was unable to tell their precise character till his arrival at Norwich. The authorities were informed in London, while the various goods the prisoners were now charged with stealing were on the train getting to Norwich, found to be missing. In consequence of certain information a strict watch was set on an osier bed in which a quantity of the stolen leather had been found, which adjoined the line of railway, about a mile and a half on the Cambridge side of Bishop Stortford, and on the night of Friday, August the 30th, the prisoners Jones and Betts were seen to come to the osier bed, into which they crept, and began filling some bags they had brought with them with the leather. Meanwhile a man drove up in a horse and cart to within a short distance, who would be identified as the prisoner King. It would appear that Betts and Jones were disturbed by the watchers and managed to make their escape, as did also the prisoner King. The two former were taken into custody about four o'clock on the morning of the 31st, on the road between Bishop Stortford and Harlow. King was not captured till the 3rd of September, when he confessed to the constable that he had been engaged in the robbery. Betts and Jones denied all knowledge of it and also of one another. It would, however, be proved that all three of the prisoners had come down to Bishop Stortford on the Wednesday preceding the robbery with a carrier of the name of Crabb, who had taken them up at the Black Lion public-house, Epping. Witnesses would also be called to show that they were in one another's company on the Thursday. The truss of drapery for Mr. Caley had been found by a plate-layer on the permanent way. Part of that belonging to Messrs. Willett had been sent in a parcel by Crabb, the carrier, to the Black Lion Epping, to be left there till called for. The landlord, Mr. Wright, however, had his suspicions, and gave information to the police. Five and twenty witnesses were called, and proved the opening statement of the learned counsel. The prisoners, consequently, were all committed to take their trial at the next quarter sessions for the county of Hertford.

DARING HIGHWAY ROBBERIES.—A hard-featured young man, who gave the name of Henry Hall, and called himself an hawker, was charged before Mr. Newton with stealing, on the 10th instant, from Miss Ellen King, of 70, Queen's-road, Dalston, a gold watch, and chain, value £14, her property; and further charged with stealing on the 14th ult., a gold watch, chain, and locket, value £12, from Mr. John Levy, of 849, Hackney-road. Locke, 157 H, said,—"On Monday I was in Gossett-street Bethnal-green, and saw the prisoner peeping out from a doorway of a public-house there; he appeared to catch sight of me, and went into the tap-room. I followed, and said to him, 'I want you for several watch robberies in Shoreditch.' He replied, 'Not me.' I said 'Yes; two in particular, on the 14th of last August, and on the 10th of this month.' He rejoined 'You are wrong; I was ill in bed for several days at both those times.' I took him to the station-house, and sent for both the prosecutors in these cases, who identified him from six or seven other persons. Mr. Levy, principal cashier to Messrs. Deffries. I most distinctly swear to the prisoner. He ran his head into the pit of my stomach while passing along Shoreditch on the date in question. I pursued him, but felt, yet observed the thief as he ran. There is such a peculiarity about his face that I could tell him among a hundred. Prisoner: Be sure you are right, Mr. Levy. It is a very serious thing for me. I am not the man. I have never seen either watch or appendages. Miss King: I, too, was in in Shoreditch when my watch was stolen, near Rotherham's, a linen-draper's. There is a dark court close by. The chain of the watch was very tightly twisted round my brooch, but as he rushed at me he tore all away, and ran into the alley. I followed him for a few yards, but was glad to return. When I first saw him I did not believe he was the man. He did not wear the same clothes. I was afterwards, and am now convinced that he is. Istead, 194 H, said that on the 30th of August, 1866, the prisoner was convicted of stealing a bag of money from a lad, and received six months imprisonment, and had been also sentenced at the sessions of Middlesex. Fully committed for trial.

EXTENSIVE ROBBERY.—A cook, was charged before Mr. Barker with stealing one gold bracelet, one coral necklace, two coral bracelets, three coral earrings, one gold sleeve link and a number of other articles, of the value of £20.—The prisoner had been in the employ of Mr. Stephen Straight, ivory merchant, of 64, Myddleton-square, Clerkenwell, as cook, and great trust was placed in her. The family had been out of town, and the prisoner during their absence had had the looking after the house. On the return of the family several things were missed, and the prisoner was discharged, and as she was about to leave the house, it was suggested that she should show the contents of her boxes. To this she at first demurred, but afterwards consented, and then the articles named in the charge-sheet, as well as some crockery and three bottles of wine, were found. She was given into custody, and then she said that she was very sorry, and as it was her first offence she hoped she would be forgiven. The prosecutor believing her story said that he did not wish the prisoner harshly dealt with, and would like the magistrate to decide the case at once.—The prisoner, who seemed very dejected, said she was guilty, and had no defence to make.—Mr. Barker said that robberies by servants who were placed in situations of trust were very serious. He should not decide the case, but should commit the prisoner to the Middlesex Sessions for trial.

A CONFIDENTIAL SERVANT.—A forewoman in the employ of Messrs. Eley Brothers, cartridge manufacturers, was charged with stealing from the warehouse, 20lb. of brass.—The prisoner had been in the employ of the prosecutors some time at a salary of £1 per week. Latterly she had given way to habits of intoxication, and being drunk, she was discharged. She was suspected of having robbed the firm, and when asked to turn out her pockets, she did so, and it was found that she had two reels of cotton which she had purloined. Her bag was thereupon examined, and in it was discovered 20lb. of manufactured brass. She said that some enemy had done that for her, and she made that statement to Police-constable March, 261 G. She had before been suspected of robbing the firm, and several things had been stolen from the department in which she was the forewoman.—The prisoner pleaded guilty, and asked for mercy on account of her family.—Mr. Barker said she should have thought of her family before

she gave way to habits of intoxication, and then turned thief. He then sentenced her to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour in the House of Correction for six calendar months.

A TOWER-HILL THIEF.—A very notorious and desperate thief, was brought up on remand before Mr. Benson, charged with felony and misdemeanor on Tower-hill.—Sarah Jane Rumbles was passing over Tower-hill on Wednesday afternoon last, when a young man informed her that her purse was gone. She put her hand in her pocket, and missed it. She was in a crowd when it was taken.—Mr. Dutton, of Cannon-street, St. George's, while pursuing the prisoner for attempting to rob his friend of a watch, saw him throw the young woman's purse between the railings on to the glacis round the Tower moat. It was recovered. There was only a postage stamp and a piece of paper in it.—Mr. James Samuel, tobacconist, of No. 14, Albert-street, Shadwell, was passing over Tower-hill on Wednesday afternoon, and felt a tug at his watch. It was in his waistcoat pocket. He saw the prisoner leave him hastily.—Mr. Dutton stated that he saw the prisoner put his hand in the prosecutor's pocket and attempt to take the watch. The prisoner had the chain of the watch in his hand. He pursued the prisoner, and overtook him. Police-sergeant Harvey, No. 276, said the prisoner had been the constant associate of thieves for a long time. There was a gang of pickpockets continually on Tower-hill.—Mr. Benson committed the prisoner for trial.

ANOTHER BURGLARY IN THE CITY.—Four men were placed at the bar, before Alderman Salomons, charged with breaking and entering the warehouse of Mr. William Henry Quint, and stealing 130 yards of chintz print, 25 yards of pansey, 45 pieces of red ribbon, 200 yards of Cambric print, a Milton cape, a black silk and merino skirt, and two sovereigns.—John Moss detective sergeant, said that on Monday morning he was sent for to Mr. Quint's, and on examining the premises found that the street door had been opened by a skeleton key, and several of the inside doors had been broken open. Since then he had been engaged in making inquiries and watching the prisoners. On Monday about ten o'clock he went in company with Obee, Whitney, and Green, three detective officers, who were under him, to Tottenham-court-road, and at the corner of Stephen-street, he saw the prisoners Norrington, James Dyer, and Shaw, in company with another man not in custody, standing talking together. They remained in conversation for about a quarter of an hour, and then walked away together. About half-past ten o'clock he was at the top of Percy-street, Tottenham-court-road, and saw the prisoner Norrington coming up Rathbone-place carrying a parcel. He stopped him and asked him what it contained, and he replied, 'Oh, linen—why?' He told the prisoner that they were officers, and would charge him with stealing the contents from Nos. 1 and 2, Falcon-street, Falcon-square, to which he replied that it was a bad job. He took him to the station-house, and found the parcel contained two pieces of chintz and eleven pieces of ribbon.—George Whitney, detective officer, said that about nine o'clock in the morning he saw Shaw at the corner of Bedford-street, and he was there joined by another man not in custody, and after remaining there about half an hour, went across to the corner of Stephen-street, where they were joined by James Dyer and Norrington. After remaining in conversation some time James Dyer went towards his own home, and the others went away. After Moss had taken Norrington they all went to Stephen-street, where the two prisoners Dyer lived, and in a room at the top of the house, saw James Dyer dressing himself, but he refused to give his name. They took him into custody, and a few minutes after William Dyer came in. He refused to give his name, but said he was James Dyer's brother. There was a parcel on the drawers, and William Dyer said it was his. In answer to questions put to him, he said it contained prints which he had bought from a man in Tottenham-court-road, but he did not know his name, nor where he lived. He afterwards said he believed his name was Benjamin. He also said he gave 7d. a yard for them, but he did not know how many yards there were, and had forgotten what he gave for the whole, but he believed it was between 30s. and £2.—The prisoners were upon this evidence remanded.

ASSAULTING A MARRIED WOMAN.—A private in the Coldstream Guards, was charged with committing a serious assault upon a married woman named Mary Williner.—She stated that she went to the river side near the Tower about twelve o'clock at night, to await the arrival of a boat which contained some of her friends, when the prisoner rudely accosted her, and gave her three slaps on the side of the face and three blows on the breast. He then knocked her down and kicked her on the knee. She fainted from the effect of the injuries, and he tried to make his escape, but was apprehended at the Tower-gate. He was in liquor at the time.—The prisoner in his defence said that before he struck her he was himself assaulted by the complainant and her friends.—Alderman Hale said he was at all times sorry to see a soldier in the dock. He regretted to see so many soldiers of late accused of drunkenness. The prisoner had the appearance of a respectable man.—One of the colour-sergeants of the Coldstream Guards said the prisoner bore a very good character; that he had been five years in the regiment, and this was the first charge made against him.—Alderman Hale fined him 20s., or seven days' imprisonment.

SHOCKING CRUELTY TO HORSES.—The driver of an omnibus was charged before Mr. Alderman Hale with cruelly ill-treating two horses.—Police-constable 49 said that between twelve and one o'clock a.m. on Monday he saw the prisoner driving an omnibus and pair of horses belonging to the General Omnibus Company, No. 6,436, in the Poultry. He noticed that both the horses were in a very weak state, and that one of them had fallen down. On being raised he moved a step or two, and then fell down a second time. He then examined both of them more closely, and found that the one which had fallen down was so lame that it could not use one leg, and that it was only able to hop on three legs, and to try and drag the other horse along. This second animal was, if possible, in a worse condition than the first. It had three raw sores—one on each side of the shoulder and one under the collar. The omnibus was then going to Hoxton, and it was its last journey for the night.—Mr. Alderman Hale said he would never have supposed that a respectable company like the General Omnibus Company would have allowed any of their servants to treat the animals in the way here proved. He was himself well aware that they had some very poor horses in their employment. It was, therefore, no excuse for their part to work only their worst animals in the darkness of midnight. He was only sorry that, under the circumstances, he could not reach the company, because, if he could he should certainly fine them largely. He had a great mind to send the prisoner to gaol, but as it was possible that by fining him the company would have to pay the money, he should order him to be fined in the sum of 40s., or, in default, to go to prison for a month.

THE POLICE OF THE WORLD.—A gentleman, who appeared to be labouring under considerable excitement, bustled into Bow-street Police-court, on Monday, and addressing the magistrate with a strong American twang, demanded summonses against "the inspector at the station-house, over the way, and one of his drunken men."—Mr. Flowers asked what was the ground of complaint?—Applicant: I complain against the inspector on night duty and one of his policemen for punishing me as you see (he had some slight scratches on his face). It appears to me they were all drunk at the station-house. I am a ship-wrecked traveller, and I went to inquire about some lost luggage. I thought they would know all about it at Bow-street, for in America we look up to Bow-street as the great head of the police of the world, and consider it rules all.—Mr. Flowers: I do not know what you mean by ruling. It did not rule America. I suppose you know that.—Applicant: Well, I

guess we follow copy as near as we can. Any way, we are supposed to do. Well, sir, I go to Bow-street to ask about my luggage, and this is the way I get served.—Mr. Flowers said the proper place to apply was Scotland-yard. The commissioners of police would inquire into the matter, and if the officers had done wrong they would be punished. The applicant would, of course, have to prove his statement.—The applicant said he had not time to attend any investigation. He only wanted to let him know how the police behaved to persons who made an application to them. He wanted to go on to Liverpool, and his time was too valuable to allow him to lose another day in London. He had a great respect for a bit of blue cloth, but if they would take their coats off, they would not insult him or knock him about without getting as good as they gave. He was ready at any moment to fight any officer in the division.—Mr. Flowers (to the usher): Is he sober?—Mr. Murgatroyd (chief usher): I don't know, sir. I know he has been out during the time he has been here. (A laugh.)—A friend of the applicant's here came forward and protested against the "impertinence" of such a suggestion, inquiring whether gentlemen could not go out to get a glass of liquor without remarks being made by ushers.—Mr. Flowers inquired who was the inspector complained of, and whether he could be sent for, in order to ascertain what was his explanation of the matter.—Inspector Parker said that Inspector Brennan was on duty when the applicant came to inquire about his luggage, which was about two o'clock in the morning. Inspector Brennan, having been on duty all night, was now gone to bed.—Mr. Flowers would certainly not disturb him to answer a person who was the worse for liquor, with the highly-improbable story that the inspector and all the police on duty at the station were drunk. Inspector Brennan bore an unimpeachable character for integrity, efficiency, and discretion, and it would be absurd to drag him out of bed upon such frivolous grounds.—Applicant: Well, this is Bow-street! I say again, I think they were drunk.—Mr. Flowers: And I know you are. However, if you think you can prove your charge, make your application to Scotland-yard. There proceedings are more prompt than any we could adopt in this court, so that really you will save time, and the punishment, if your charges can be maintained, will be very severe. An assault by a police officer is considered a far greater offence than if committed by a private person. Still, I tell you frankly, I do not believe a word of it. I have no doubt you were intoxicated, and do not know very accurately what did happen.—The applicant's excitement increasing, he became noisy, and was shown to the door.

A GENTLEMAN IN THE DOCK.—SAD CASE.—Rowland Smyth, 21, a respectable-looking man, described as a schoolmaster, a missionary, and of superior education, was charged at the Middlesex Sessions with stealing a watch and chain and other articles, of the value of £7, the property of Walter Watson, in a dwelling-house.—It appeared that the prisoner got into company with the prosecutor, who is a carpenter, living at 34, Upper Carlisle-street, and lodged in the same house with him. The prisoner, who by his style of address quite satisfied the description in the calendar that he was "of superior education," broke open the prosecutor's box, and stole his property, worth £7, which he pawned at Mr. Robinson's, Mortimer-street. When taken into custody by Mills, 74 S, the prisoner confessed his guilt, and said he was sorely tempted.—The prisoner, who pleaded guilty, addressed the Court in a plausible tone, said he had lately been suffering from an attack of yellow jaundice, and when in that state he scarcely knew what he was about. He was guilty of the offence with which he was charged, and had only to say that he yielded to a sudden temptation, for which he hoped God would forgive him. He had testimonials to his high character, and hoped his lordship would exercise mercy towards him.—Mr. Payne inquired if he had any witnesses he wished examined, or would send for anyone, to which the prisoner replied in the negative.—Constable 74 S, said the prisoner was an assistant to a missionary in Lisson-grove. He had not been convicted before.—Mr. Payne said it was a bad offence, robbing a man of his clothing. The sentence was, twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour.

A NEW GUIDE BOOK.

At this period of the year, when the Alpine tourist and his wonderful scrambles, and still more wonderful escapes,—which by the way, have become unmitigated bores,—take the places once awarded in newspapers to the big gooseberry and the long incarcerated toad, it is refreshing to meet with a simple, healthy guide-book for home travel, which, if the work of a foreigner in a good humour, will be all the more welcome. On this account we were glad to receive from Messrs. Sampson, Low, Son and Marston, an orange-coloured volume, styled "Old England, its Scenery, Art and People," by Mr. J. M. Hoppin, a tourist from the United States, who has gone over this country in the beaten tracks, and by the aid of guide-books, a good memory, and keen sense of enjoyment, produced a text which, if its matter is trite to the last degree to the English, will be most acceptable to his own countrymen. To us the writer's omnivorousness is the pleasantest characteristic of his work. He saw nearly everything, from the Menai to Miss Mareh,—author of "The Life of Captain Hedley Vicars." He came prepared to devour, and did so with thorough zest. One may demur to his notions, as, for example, about the Menai Strait, which reminded him "of the formidable gorge of the Niagara River," and explain that the first Prince of Wales was not born in Carnarvon Castle, that Lord John Russell has not yet been beheaded "in the centre of Lincoln's-fields," and suggest that if the latter event comes to pass it will probably have Palace Yard for a scene. We hope the "hereafter, when Greece becomes a nation worthy of the name, some Great Eastern will transport the (Elgin) marbles back again," is a long way off. One thing will please gentlemen who resent impertinent intrusions on famous men. Although offered an introduction to the Laureate, and ardent enough to go to Farringford, he did not avail himself of the opportunities to the fullest; he is not of those who suppose the poet's invitation to Mr. F. D. Maurice is universal. A wonderful man moreover, is Mr. Hoppin. As Stephen Cave was said never to have looked out of the window in St. John's Gate without a view to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, so the former never turned a corner or looked up at the sky without a similar reference. He was a very keen observer, and took local colour like a chameleon. Thus, finding himself in Penzance, he quickly hit the little trait of Cornish bad manners in staring at strangers. Every visitor to the town knows what it is to be stared at with ten-Cornish power. The man that wants to be stared at should go to Penzance. In short, if our American readers are inclined to take their author's advice, and come and see this island, they cannot have a more genial guide than Mr. Hoppin; but they must beware of his archaeology. His taste is good, especially for scenery, men and books; but his knowledge is flashy and superficial. Let us wonder what is that Octagonal Painted style of which Salisbury Chapter-house is said to present an example. His receptivity was wonderful. He saw the British Museum, and he saw Bowness, Bushy Park, Botallack Mine, Mr. John Bright, Bemerton, the Berwyn Hills, Bettws-y-Coed, Blenheim, Lord Brougham, Mr. Holman Hunt's "Saviour in the Temple," Charles Lamb's desk at the India House, and countless other things which we, thank goodness! never will see, and he formed opinions of good average quality about everything, from the deepest mine to the top of Snowdon.

A MEAT-ING.—The journeymen butchers of London have held a meeting in Lambeth with a view to improving their position, and to diminish their Sunday extra hours of labour. We hope the butchers will get on first chop!—*Fnn.*

THE DEATH OF SIR FREDERICK BRUCE.

We lament the death of Sir Frederick Bruce as an especial misfortune at a time when negotiations of the utmost intricacy and delicacy are pending with a Government which is not always disposed to approach Great Britain in a spirit of generosity and forbearance. It is no secret that it was in accordance with the late Minister's repeated advice and exhortations that a wise overture towards a settlement of the Alabama claims was made by the present Government. He had succeeded in establishing for himself relations of cordial friendship with Mr. Seward and the President, and probably there are few outside the circle of his own family who will be more shocked at the tidings of his death than the astute and keen-eyed old man with whom he had sustained incessant diplomatic fence. Sir Frederick Bruce always cherished the hope that he would be able to render his country the service of removing a fertile ground of contention from the path of the two Governments, and thus bring them into closer and more friendly relations. He is gone, and the duty devolves upon the Government of appointing a representative to one of the most onerous and perplexing offices in its gift. The critical difficulties in which Sir Frederick Bruce was sometimes placed could only be met by the unprompted discretion of the Minister; but he never deceived or disappointed his Government, and was never in the smallest act of his life unworthy of the great nation which it was his pride to serve. It is impossible to over-estimate the mischief an incautious or unguarded man acting in his capacity might occasion, and, therefore, in choosing his successor every consideration ought to be set aside, except the single one of personal fitness for the office.—*Times*.

MANCHESTER UNIONISM.

WHETHER it be or be not the case that Mr. Overend and his colleagues were more active than the Manchester Commissioners, or that the Manchester unionists are more astute than their Sheffield brethren—or, which is more likely, that they have the command of larger funds and are less scrupulous about expenditure—there is reason to suppose that the whole story has not come out, and will not come out. There was ample time, which has not been wasted, to destroy all written evidence, and to post and practise witnesses both as to what they are to know and what they are not to know. At any cost, the most inconvenient testimony will be kept back, and as little as possible will be told. It may be that there is something in the air of the place, but the fact seems to be that trade secrets are better kept at Manchester than at Sheffield; and, paradoxical as it may appear, because more are involved in crime. Broadhead towered above his fellows; and, as in other cases, envy and detraction followed his supremacy, and he was detected because he was imperious and autocratic. At Manchester the complicity with trade outrages is spread over a larger surface. The bulk of crime is the same, but the partners are more numerous. Except for some fortunate accident the true story will be left at least half untold. Meanwhile, let us not subside into the comfortable and idle conclusion that we know all that we can know, and that the least said is the soonest mended. And, above all, let it not be endured that these Commissions and Inquiries shall be the beginning and end of the matter.—*Saturday Review*.

FREEMASONRY.

SUSSEX.—A Provincial Grand Lodge will be held on Monday, the 30th inst., at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, for the installation of the R. W. Prov. Grand Master, the appointment and investiture of Provincial Grand Officers, and the transaction of the ordinary business of the Provincial Grand Lodge.

THE Provincial Grand Lodge of Cornwall will be held, under the auspices of the Fortitude Mark Lodge, at Truro, on Tuesday, the first of October. Bro. F. M. Williams, P.M., will be installed as Prov. G.M., by a member of the Grand Lodge, in the Mark degree.

FREEMASONRY IN NORTH WALES.—We understand that a new lodge, entitled the Royal Denbigh, will be consecrated on Thursday, the 24th of October, and on the following day the new Freemasons' Hall at Llandudno will be opened.

MOUNT LEBANON LODGE (No. 73).—After a vacation of four months this old prosperous lodge resumed its meetings on Tuesday, the 7th inst., at the Bridge House Hotel, Wellington-street, Southwark. At the appointed time, half-past five p.m., the lodge in the unavoidable absence of Bro. G. Morris, W.M., was opened by Bro. Frederick Walters, P.M. Brother G. Morris, W.M., then took the chair. The minutes of the last lodge meeting were read and unanimously confirmed. Ballots were unanimous in favour of the three candidates for initiation who were balloted for. Bro. Hall having given proof of his proficiency as a Craftsman was entrusted and withdrew. On his re-admission he was raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason. Bro. Brittain proved his proficiency as an Entered Apprentice, was regularly entrusted, and withdrew. On his re-appearance he was passed to the ancient and honourable degree of a Fellow Craft Freemason. Having two friends present, Bro. F. Walters, P.M., solicited and obtained leave of the presiding officer, Bro. G. Morris, W.M., to occupy the chair of K.S., to initiate them. Messrs. Endor and Gedge were then introduced, and in an able, painstaking, and impressive manner initiated into the mysteries and the privileges of ancient Freemasonry. The manner this ceremony was rendered called forth the approbation of all the P.M.'s present, and, when Bro. F. Walters, P.M., vacated the chair to Bro. G. Morris, W.M. he was congratulated for the able manner in which he had performed this work by many of the visitors and brethren who were near him. An important letter was read from the G.S., and ordered to be copied into the Lodge Minute book. Notices of motion were given and ordered to be put on the next lodge

summonses that were issued, "That the future meeting of this lodge be held at the Bridge House Hotel, Southwark;" "That £10 be taken from the lodge funds to purchase a Life Governorship in the name of the W.M., for the time being, of the Female Annuity Fund;" "That £10 be taken for a like purpose for the Male Fund," as a commencement, to secure for this lodge the proud position of being a Vice-President to both those noble funds, as already this lodge has the honour of being a Vice-President of the Boys' School, in the name of the W.M., for the time being, besides some four other officers being life governors of that excellent institution. Nearly three dozen votes belonging to the lodge were voted to support some truly deserving cases at the forthcoming elections in October to the Schools. An important communication was read from a Hampshire lodge, but time being pressing no action was taken about it, as probably next meeting the subject referred to in that letter may be fully discussed. Business being ended, the lodge was closed. The presiding officer did all his work in a creditable manner. Banquet was served, and a good dessert followed. The usual loyal toasts were given and responded to. The entertainment provided for the brethren at the festive board was all that could be desired, and reflected great credit on the proprietor, Mr. Spencer.

A NEW MYSTERY OF LONDON.—An extraordinary revelation of one of "the Mysteries of London," took place at an Inquest held by Mr. Humphreys, at Tottenham, on the body of a child one year and eight months old. From the medical evidence there seems little doubt but that it died from disease produced by insufficiency of food. It was elicited that the child was illegitimate, the daughter of a "young lady of wealth and position" at Liverpool, who threatened to commit suicide if her name were divulged; that it was brought to London sixteen months ago, and left with a Mrs. Jaggars, who advertised for "nurse children;" that only six shillings a week were paid for its maintenance; that the number of children so received at Mrs. Jaggars', "if not 60 might have been 40" in three years; that two previous inquests had been held on children from the same house; and that there are six there at the present moment. For the rest we refer our readers to the report; only remarking that the evidence of Mrs. Jaggars seems to have deserved the special censure passed upon it by the jury.

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Passengers to Stations on the South Wales line will return on Thursday, October 10th.

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For fares and full particulars see handbills. J. GRIERSON, General Manager. Paddington, September 28th.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

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NOTICE TO MANUFACTURERS AND OTHERS. Arrangements are now made for the conveyance of ARTISANS and their Wives and Families, FACTORY HANDS, and other WORKPEOPLE, through to PARIS at REDUCED FARES, by ordinary Third-class Trains daily, on production of the authorised form of certificate from their employers.

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J. GRIERSON, General Manager. Paddington, August 28th.

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